politics

25¢ a copy

January, 1946

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The Story of John Mann

by Ben Ray Redman

JOHN Mann had been at the front less than a month when he was wounded. A shell splinter caught him just above the right knee, doing damage that made it impossible to save the leg. But the doctors told him not to worry. "We will give you a leg that will make you just as good as new," they said; and they were right. The new leg was a model of efficiency, and it seemed to John Mann no time at all before he was back at the front, wearing the Battle Cross above the pocket that covered his heart.

He liked his new right leg. It never got tired, as the left one still did; it was plagued by no rheumatic pains, and in a single attack it absorbed ten fragments of lead and steel while John himself felt nothing. He also liked his new arms when he got them, one after the other, the left one first and the right a few months later. They were stronger than the arms he had been born with, and far more durable. The doctors were proud of them, and so was John; he had never strangled an enemy with his bare hands before, but now he found himself strangling several. He was even prouder, however, of the ribbons that were given him to put beside his Battle Cross, for John Mann was a good soldier, and all good soldiers feel an honest pride in the decorations they have fairly won.

He was a good soldier, he had always been that, but his bravest deeds were done and his great popular reputation was acquired after his left leg had been lost and replaced; after the doctors had furnished him a new stomach and a new pair of lungs, along with new kidneys and a new heart. It seemed to him then that he was really indestructible, and his courage knew no bounds. His stomach, in particular, was a comfort to him, for he had suffered from gastritis; but there was also solid satisfaction to be got from the action of his heart and lungs. His pulse, now, was as steady as a metronome, even in the midst of the most savage action, and his respiration was always as full and as regular as that of a healthy child, while men around him gasped and struggled for breath. His new kidneys also had certain advantages.

Equipped as he was, there was no mission too desperate for him to undertake; there was none that he refused, none in which he did not succeed. And, as his second bank of ribbons grew to push the first bank higher, he was glorified by press and radio, by hourly speakers, by writers for the week, and the month. His name and the record of his exploits went round the world. He was described as the soldier's soldier, and the phrase stuck. Pet of the military experts and commentators, he was no less the pet of the women's magazines and the women's colleges: polls in seven institutions of higher female learning announced the fact that those voting chose John Mann, almost unanimously, as their ideal of the ideal husband.

He was also, of course, the pet of the doctors at the base hospital to which he returned so frequently. Whenever he appeared, they would say: "Well, so you are back again!" And John would grin and say: "That's right." And then they would go to work on the latest phase of the most fascinating experiment of their professional careers. Finished, for the time being, they would say: "Well, you're as good as new again." And John would say: "I guess I am." Then, looking in the mirror, he would add: "Maybe better."

He liked it particularly when they rebuilt his face from the eyes down. He had not been pleased with his face for a long time: not since the day when a little girl, in the first grade of grammar school, had called him monkey-face and had made fun of him in front of the other children during recess. He had never forgotten that little girl, he had never

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forgotten that recess. His new face gave him a sense of well-being that was more than physical; it gave him a kind of satisfaction that all his ribbons and medals had failed to give.

When the doctors made him a pair of eyes to take the place of those that had been blinded by a flame-thrower, John Mann was sure that the wizards of the base had reached the height of their magic. These eyes were not only telescopic and microscopic, but they saw as well in the dark as by daylight. The uses to which they could be put were obvious and many, and John's superiors, with John's happy cooperation, used them to advantage. But John was wrong about the doctors: their most remarkable achievement was still ahead of them. And they had a few minor miracles to perform in the meantime.

After these had been performed, during the fourth year of John's active service, there was not one single bit left of the original John Mann who had first gone to war, excepting the brain. This brain, soldierly and well-disciplined, continued to perform in exemplary fashion the modest functions that were required of it, and no brain was ever better served by limbs and organs. The banks of ribbons on John's chest grew to four; he walked with his chin high, as if to keep it clear of the topmost row. But he remained by choice, by insistence, a common soldier: he had no instinct, no desire, for command. "You tell me what to do, and I'll do it," he would often say, "but I don't want to have to tell the other fellow." So they went on telling him what to do, and he went on doing it. He went on until, as he was trying to take a large concrete pill-box single-handed, a .55 calibre bullet entered his forehead and plowed through his brain.

Another soldier in his position would have been buried on or near the field of battle, but there were standing orders regarding John Mann; so once again, this time apparently dead as a flounder, he made the trip back to the base, where the doctors were waiting for him. The operation that they then performed was by far the most difficult that he had undergone, but after they had finished he had a new brain, and his heart and lungs were pumping away as steadily as ever.

When he came back to consciousness, as if from the bottom of a deep, dark pool, his first sensation was one of overwhelming light, and as he began to look about him, as his mind began to stir, this light seemed to increase, as if it were flooding the whole world. Fixing his eyes upon a pink geranium plant that stood in a window near him, he was surprised to realize that he had never seen a pink geranium before. He had looked at them often enough—there had been a great bed of them beside the house in which he had grown up—but he knew now that it was one thing to look and another to see. With object after object on which his eyes fell, the experience was repeated, and the instant he began to think, the instant he began to use his mind, he understood the reason why.

It was all due to his new brain: for the first time in his life, he had a brain that really worked. And how wonderfully it worked! During the days and weeks that followed, he played games with it, amusing the nurses by solving the most complicated mathematical problems at a glance, and delighting the doctors by demonstrations of a logic that operated flawlessly in even the most bewildering jungles of conflicting fact and opinion. He also did a great deal of reading, with astonishing ease and rapidity. A day sufficed for him to explore the windy emptiness of Hegel, while an afternoon's study enabled him to reduce Kant's elaborate arguments to their meagre philosophical skeleton. He gave more time to Marx and Freud, absorbing from both the best that was in them, while making his own corrections and additions.

The doctors kept John Mann at the base hospital long after he was fit again for service: he had become their prize exhibit, and they were loath to let him go. Meanwhile, he went on with his reading, and with all manner of difficult and arduous intellectual exercises which he did for the joy of doing them. But finally the doctors could find no more excuses for not sending him back to the front, and, as they had no other course, they accepted the situation with good grace. The senior doctor himself brought the news to John, whom he found sitting by a window in a shaft of sunlight, dressed in slacks and a loose house coat, a book in his lap and a pretty nurse on either side of him.

"Here you are," said the doctor, holding out John's tunic with its four banks of ribbons. "It seems you are going to be needing this again."

John Mann looked at the tunic and the ribbons thoughtfully for a full minute, looked at them as if he were almost puzzled by the sight, and then he shook his head slowly and smiled and said: "No."

The doctor stared through his glasses. "What do you mean?"

"That I am not going back to the front," John told him.

"But, but," the doctor sputtered, "you must be joking!"

"No," said John; and nothing could have been plainer than the fact that he was not joking. The nurses drew away from him.

"What has come over you?" the doctor demanded.

At that John smiled again, and, tapping his forehead with the forefinger of his right hand, he said simply: "This."

"I don't understand." The senior doctor's voice was cold.

"You should," John replied. "After all, it's your doing."

"My doing! What do you mean?"

"You gave me a brain—a brain that really works."

"I know. Of course! But what has that got to do with your going back to the front."

politics

VOLUME 3, NO. 1 (Whole No. 24) JANUARY, 1946

Editor: Dwight Macdonald

Business Managers: Dorothy Brumm, Nancy Macdonald

POLITICS is published monthly at 45 Astor Place, New York 3, N. Y., by Politics Publishing Co. Telephone: GRamercy 3-1512.

Subscription $2.50 for one year, $4 for two years. Add 30c a year for Canada, 50c a year for all other foreign countries. Single copy: 25c. Most back issues are still available.

Special rate for service men and C.O.'s anywhere: $1.75 a year.

Subscribers Note: It takes us 10 days to change your address. Please let us have changes of address promptly.

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Entered as second-class matter March 16, 1944, at the post-office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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"Everything," said John Mann softly.

For a moment there was silence in the large and sunny room in which they were, but then the silence was broken by a loud and angry voice, telling John that he should not talk nonsense. The doctor had caught the drift of John's thought, and he did not like it. Was it possible, he asked himself, that he had made a mistake, that the great operation had been in reality an ugly error? When John replied that he was talking the exact opposite of nonsense, and then began to say what he thought of war, all war, any war, the senior doctor had the answer to his question. There was no doubt that a mistake had been made, a most monstrous mistake! Raising his voice, the doctor ordered John to hold his tongue; but John paid less attention to him than a great oak pays to a ruffling breeze. He went on talking, while the nurses cowered and the doctor stormed. Attracted by contending voices, men and women, doctors and nurses, patients and internes, converged upon the speakers, until they were at the center of a huge crowd. And still John talked, clearly, cogently, with sure eloquence, oblivious of the fact that the crowd's mood was growing uglier with every sentence that he uttered.

It was no wonder, for, as he discoursed on the essential evil of war, he was striking at the very roots of faiths and beliefs that were held by every man and woman within sound of his voice. They were old beliefs, venerable faiths, heirlooms that had been handed down through generations, and an attack on them must, in the judgment of those who cherished them, be at once sacrilegious and mad. So the crowd muttered and gestured angrily, while the senior doctor burned with shame. What he had thought was the supreme triumph of his life had turned out to be something worse than failure: he had, indeed, given John Mann a brain, but it was the brain of a lunatic—and a very dangerous lunatic. He turned to the military commandant of the hospital who was now standing by his side. The eyes of the two men met, and they understood each other. There was only one thing to be done. The commandant, being a man of action, moved quickly. Pulling an automatic pistol from his pocket, he fired eight bullets into John Mann's head and body.

For an instant only, an expression of surprise flickered over John's face, to be replaced immediately by a look of complete understanding, which said as clearly as words: "Of course, this is what would happen; nothing else could happen. I do not blame you." But the bullets had had no obvious effect, and the doctor was already whispering to the commandant that bullets would never do the job, that there was only one way of doing it; that they would have to smash him. Those nearest the doctor heard the phrase, and they passed it on. The crowd took it up, until it became a chant. Smash him, smash him, smash him! It was a chant to give men courage, a rhythm to make their blood move fast, to speed their blows. Men and women seized on any weapons they could find—chairs, tables, flower vases, bed-pans—while soldiers, acting under orders of the more practical commandant, rushed outside to requisition sledges, spikes, and pickaxes from a gang of workmen busy in the hospital yard. It was with their return that the real assault upon John Mann began.

Strong as he was, he could have killed many of his attackers if he had so chosen; but such a course of action never occurred to him. Instead, he tried to defend himself as best he could, without doing injury to anyone. His strategy was soon recognized by his enemies, and they saw in it new proof of his madness, for it was a strategy that could not possibly succeed. Feeling safe, comfortably sure that they were running little danger, they returned to the charge with renewed fury.

Had it not been for the heavy sledges, John might have been able to hold out far longer than he did; but they were his undoing. Blows rained upon him from all sides, and, while he was fending off one crashing sledge, others found their marks. Under their impact he shivered and reeled, but he did not strike back; and those who were not so blinded by passion as to be unable to see the madman's face were astonished and infuriated by its expression of serenity and kindliness. When he was forced to his knees, he knew that he was gone, but his expression did not change, nor did it change even in unconsciousness, after a final hammering had laid him flat upon the floor.

The crowd swarmed over him with clawing fingers and pummeling fists, but at that point the military commandant called a halt. Passions had risen high enough, in his opinion. His orders cleared the room of all but a few picked men who proceeded to carry out their task of demolition, the senior doctor himself being granted the privilege of dealing with the brain. Methodically, precisely, John Mann was broken up into a vast number of fragments, so small that it was impossible, by looking at any one of them, to guess the part of the body to which it had belonged. When the senior doctor had finished with the brain, it was little more than powder, and quite useless for any purpose. But all the other fragments of John Mann were neatly stacked, so that they might be included in the hospital's contribution to the scrap metal drive which was then in progress.

LABOR IMPERIALISM (Continued)

(1)

Socialism invaded the Empire. Mustached, square-shouldered Frederick John Burrows, onetime railway porter and 1942-44 president of Britain's railwaymen, was appointed Governor of Bengal. Burrows' salary jumps from $832 as a railway checker to $36,000 a year, and up to $176,040 in allowances. He leaves his six-room Herefordshire cottage for a palace in Calcutta.

He and his wife took the news in stride. Said Dora Burrows: "We shan't be any different. We are working people and always will be I'll try to do everything I am expected to do. I need more coupons for dresses, though."

—"Time", November 19, 1945.

(2)

BOMBAY, Oct. 4: The provincial government announced today revival of the Emergency Whipping Act of 1941, which provides for the flogging of persons convicted of rioting and other charges.

—N. Y. Herald-Tribune, October 5, 1945.

IS EVERYTHING CLEAR NOW?

"We have come to bring new prosperity," declared Admiral Thierry d'Argenlieu on his arrival in Saigon, French Indo-China. "We have not come to bring war and reap new laurels, we have come to our common home to reestablish order, work, and tranquillity. . . . This is the aim of the Government."

—News release by Ministry of Information, Paris, November, 6, 1945.

FAMOUS-LAST-WORDS DEPARTMENT

PRAGUE, Oct. 30—Premier Fierlinger told Parliament today that the Soviet Union was the most reliable guarantee of Czechoslovakia's freedom and independence, and said it was his opinion that "the security of the Czech Republic was never so assured as today."

—"N. Y. Times", October 30, 1945.

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The Last Days of Berlin

I.

The following is a report by a German Socialist who remained in Berlin during the years of the Nazis' power until 1945, and is now in France.—ED.

AFTER Hitler's rise to power, I participated in the activities of a group of Socialists who continued resistance underground. We received illegal newspapers and leaflets from Prague and distributed them in Berlin. The Gestapo succeeded in arresting a number of our comrades. Eleven of us were condemned by the Chemnitz court to 5 years at hard labor. A court of appeal reduced my term. When I left the penitentiary after two years, I had no longer any contact with illegal groups. The Gestapo had succeeded in terrorizing people to such an extent that they all distrusted each other and that it had become difficult to gather people for political action.

Only in 1939 did I succeed in establishing contact with a small group working on its own and spreading papers and leaflets. We tried hard to get other contacts, but without success. We thus remained a small independent group. Comrade Krueger, who was later shot, probably had contacts, but he never entrusted anybody with them. In the summer of 1940, we tried in vain to find a printshop to print our material. So we had to write by hand on small slips of paper which we pasted on the walls. We could only use short sentences such as: "Workers! Sabotage war production!"

Terror in the Air

The real mass bombing attacks against Berlin started in 1944 only, but previously 50 per cent of the town already had been destroyed. After 1944, phosphorus bombs were mainly used. There was no defense against them, they crashed with a rain-like noise on the roofs and went through the roofs to the top floor. This immediately set the whole house on fire. Firefighting equipment was not even wasted on the houses that had been hit—it was useless. Inhabitants tried to move their furniture and belongings from one floor to the other into the street, but they had to fight against a draft caused by the abrupt change in temperature that called forth a rain of fire which swept the flames from one house to the other. It was hardly possible to breathe, the heat was unbearable. Houses broke down all around you, the sparks made deep burns and were especially dangerous to the eyes. Everybody lived with ready-packed bags into which he had crowded his most essential belongings and which he could take with him into the shelter.

The immediate damage done by air attacks was soon repaired, and until the next attack life continued "normally". In February the water system broke down; people stood in line for hours to get some water from a few public pumps. Neither was there any longer gas or electricity. Many women gave birth in the cellars and shelters where not only medical attention but the most elementary facilities were lacking. Child mortality began to rise considerably. There were no longer wooden coffins for the dead so that the corpses were wrapped in paper bags and it was a common picture to see a mother on the way to the cemetery pushing a wheelbarrow with the body of her child wrapped in paper. And after April one didn't even see any paper wrappings any longer. . . .

The air attacks had a disastrous effect on industry. Large plants operated only partially or not at all. Thus production was transferred to smaller enterprises. Many dwarf-enterprises were created until, toward the end there was a "factory" in nearly every house. The working day was 12 hours, but toward the end Berlin plants worked only 3 to 4 days a week because raw material was lacking. On the days when production was stopped, all workers, and even women with small children, were forced to build barricades. The women brought their babies along and sat them down on the street near them, and a Nazi armed with a gun mounted the guard for these infants.—The number of deserters grew rapidly; according to official estimates, it mounted to 100,000. The Gestapo conducted huge mass raids, encircling and searching entire districts.

The Brown Terror

People became completely worn-out and apathetic. The airraid warning system no longer functioned properly, so that many were killed in their apartments. The radio continued lying; even on April 27, Goebbels still broadcast that the Russians had been beaten back. The entire Berlin population now wore either uniforms or at least the brown arm bands of the Volkssturm or the white arm bands of the municipal defense guard. Those Volkssturm-men who had not yet been concentrated in barracks were taken out of their beds in the night of April 18 and didn't reappear.

The food supply had been relatively satisfactory until the middle of February, but it became progressively worse and on April 21 the women stood in line in front of the stores without getting anything. That day the first open riots broke out. After this, some food was distributed but in a very haphazard manner. Foreigners didn't get anything at all any more.

As the situation became increasingly critical, the terror also was reinforced. On the afternoon of April 21, we saw the first men hanging from trees in front of Bartholomaeus Church. They had signs around their necks reading: "*We tried to persuade German soldiers to give up their weapons*". Later, we saw others on lampposts with signs: "I, a leader of the Volkssturm, through treasonable activities caused the death of men of the Volkssturm". Others carried posters: "I, a Volkssturm man, tried to desert to the Russian lines." People passed by these hanged with cast-down eyes; one sensed their indignation but also their dread. We heard from others that all along the Friedrichstrasse as far as the Jaegerstrasse there were soldiers and civilians, men and women hanging from all the lampposts.

On May first, we heard that the Nazis had offered to capitulate to the Americans but continued to fight against the Russians. In the evening we heard that the main point of resistance had been given up and that general capitulation negotiations had begun. Suddenly there was a terrible quiet over the city—a quiet which one could hardly comprehend. The remnants of the SS and the army—about 10,000 men—had retired into an airraid shelter in the Boetzow brewery. Suddenly seized by a last hunger for life, they raped all the women in the shelter, shouting: "We will be prisoners tomorrow."

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The Red Terror

The next morning the population started a general plundering. Suddenly thousands of tons of food stuff appeared in the stores and in the NSDAP houses one found everything, from food to infant wear. Later in the day the Russians forbade plundering and distributed food themselves. Children for the first time in weeks got milk again. The distribution of food lasted for two to three hours. The air attacks had ceased, there was food again. . . . the Russians were embraced and kissed by the women.

The Russian armies made their official entry in the afternoon of May 2. The soldiers were generally armed with machine pistols only, many low horsedrawn wagons went along in irregular rows. Many Russians played on their accordions. In most cases only artillery and tractors were of Russian make; trucks, planes and other material were American. There were also German prisoners in the Russian ranks; they carried armbands with the inscription: "We fight for a free Germany against Hitler".

But the joy of the people over the end of the fighting ended soon. The women again were the victims. Suddenly the Russians started raping all women of any nationality. An incident among many: a woman was raped by a soldier in the presence of another woman. The latter ran to the Commissar and complained. The Commissar sent two soldiers who arrested and shot the culprit. But during the night these very same soldiers, accompanied by others, appeared in the house, sent all men away and raped all the women in the house. Doors were broken open day and night . . . the men were powerless and the women had no defense.

A general plundering began. The Russians took everything they liked, above all watches, bicycles and rings. I have seen Russians who carried no less than 8 watches on their wrists. At the end, Berliners had no more bicycles at all and the Russians could be seen in the streets trying to learn bicycling. If their conduct was pointed out to them, the Russians answered: "When *you* came, you burned our houses, took our women and killed our children; we leave you your children." One had the impression that the Russian was a mixture of a jovial child and a scoundrel.

The Russians introduced new food ration books—rations were 15 per cent higher than under the Nazis—and this served them at the same time as a count of all men in the city. All men were ordered to forced labor, non-compliance was heavily punished.

In the morning of May 2, the Russians all of a sudden began to arrest the male population. There were Russian soldiers in front of the restaurants who handed out a can of milk to every man who passed by, asking him to enter the restaurant. When about 150 men were gathered, they were led away by a military escort. Among them were children under 14 years of age and men over 60—without any distinction as to nationality. Later the Russians arrested men in the houses and streets. They even arrested French prisoners of war. I was arrested also. I showed my discharge papers from prison to an officer; he seemed to recognize them and told me that it would only last a few hours and we would then be released. He told us not to try to escape because anyone attempting to flee would be shot. But we were not released, only transferred to another place. Huge crowds of arrested men, tens of thousands, were driven through the streets. The arrests lasted till the 8th . . . finally no men were to be seen at all any longer.

I finally succeeded in fleeing from the Russians and in crossing into American-occupied territory, together with some French prisoners of war. Now we felt free and secure again. We fell into each other's arms, crying like children. The Americans kindly shook our hands. All Berliners would have wished nothing better than to come under American control.

II.

The following letter was written by a German left-socialist who went back to Germany in 1942 disguised as a French worker. The letter was also published, in a different translation, in Ruth Fisher's "The Network" for Nov.-Dec., 1945.—ED.

I ARRIVED in Berlin from Paris in February 1942 and first worked in the Stuka aircraft factory as an engineer. Already at that time the war morale was perceptibly shattered. The engineers of our office—of whom 80 per cent were foreigners—hardly did anything but sleep. About a week after my arrival I met the first Communist. He had no contact with an organization but was firm in his working-class beliefs.

I had hardly been a month in Berlin when the Gestapo arrested me. A French fascist had denounced me because of "anti-German activities". From the Gestapo headquarters I was sent to the concentration camp Gross-Beeren. At the hearings I succeeded in putting the Gestapo on the wrong track, for had they found out about me there would have been a death sentence. This way I got only 56 days of concentration camp, not of ordinary concentration camp but of one in which the intensity of the punishment was supposed to replace the length of the sentence.

The camp's inmates were mostly "recalcitrant foreigners". We were about 1000 men from all corners of Europe. The death rate in the summer was about 20 a day; during the winter it doubled. We worked 8 hours a day on railroad repairs and had to walk three hours to reach our place of work; in addition there were the daily roll calls that lasted four hours. This weakened people horribly. The beating and killing was done by Ukrainians and Poles only: they had been specially chosen by the SS for this job. The dead were simply thrown into a hole. Our employers, then, were told that so-and-so had died from pneumonia or appendicitis, and the slips by which they were notified were forms made out in advance on which only the names had to be filled out by hand.

Since the SS was incapable of handling the rather complicated administration, they called in a few old Communists who had already been in other camps for years to organize the interior administration. I shall never forget them. They were completely unbroken morally and did their assigned job in an exemplary manner. There was a very great difference between them and all the others in moral as well as in physical cleanliness. They arranged for me to work in the office when I fell ill after a month's work on the railroad track. There they read newspapers that had been smuggled in and were well-informed on the London radio broadcasts. We had many a long political conversation. They all were between 30 and 40 years of age; though they were all Communists, they had nothing in common with "the line". After my 56 days I was released.

The Beginning of the End

The heavy British night attacks on Berlin began in November 1943. The whole West of the city was then destroyed. The consequences in the factories were rather

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insignificant, however. People just accepted the inevitable and life went on.

I then worked in the engineering department of the Daimler-Benz motor works, which built the Tiger tanks. Later I was shifted to the BMW works where we built the Duesenjaeger weapon. Although it had an A-1 priority, sabotage in this factory went on openly. The Americans had damaged the factory with one of their precision attacks and since then nothing functioned any more. We were supposed to work 72 hours. In fact, nobody worked that long though we had to spend the required number of hours in the factory. Though we were instructed to keep utmost secrecy, everything was handled with such carelessness that it was easy to take secret documents out of the plant. SS with bloodhounds guarded the plant but nobody gave a damn. Everybody was fed up. Not more than 10 per cent of the workers were Germans.

In one air attack in February 1944, a whole part of the center of the town was completely wrecked. There were 50,000 dead in 45 minutes. For weeks the streets were filled with the stench of the rotting corpses—I still have the smell in my nose.

Since the winter of 1943-44, nobody believed in victory. Nearly everybody listened to the BBC. There was a widespread anti-Fascist feeling, but since there was no organized expression of it, the many individual actions were bound to remain without effect. The old special court and the six additional special courts installed in Berlin since the beginning of the war worked full time. On the whole, a terrible comedy of justice. I went to listen in to some of the trials to get acquainted with the main forms of anti-fascist activity: spreading of the BBC slogans (hardly anybody listened to Moscow since it was so uniformly boring), working slowly, active sabotage, passive resistance; there were also many civilian and military desertions.

The fall of Italian fascism had a lightning effect. All of a sudden, the Nazi insignia disappeared from the button holes. The Nazis had to publish a special order threatening with expulsion those who didn't carry their swastika on the street. We saw discarded SS uniforms in ash cans.

Then, again when the generals attempted their putsch in the summer of 1944, everybody waited feverishly for something to happen. . . . Since that time, life in Germany deteriorated very quickly. Sexual morale degenerated completely. There was practically no longer any punishment other than death. Even children under 16 could now be condemned to death for rather minor criminal offenses. Every soldier was given the right to shoot immediately if he had a suspicion of high treason. To be a member of the police or an MP became most dangerous, because everybody who was threatened with arrest felt that he was guilty of some offense and began to shoot.

When in February 1945 the Russians came to a standstill at the Oder, we all thought that the Gestapo would use this last respite to completely kill off all dangerous elements. Indeed, many a former militant worker was killed by the Gestapo in these days. Since February 1945, I always carried a weapon. I no longer reported to work. We knew that Himmler had given the order to kill all former concentration camp inmates. . . .

Street-Fighting in Berlin

Beginning with February 1945, there was a heavy RAF attack every night. The alarm started around 10 o'clock and lasted till 4 in the morning. It had become such a habit for the people that they arrived in the shelters even before the warning was given. In addition, there were the American daylight attacks. The breakthrough in the West was welcomed everywhere with much relief—this would be the end of it all, one thought.

The 21st of April was Hitler's birthday, on the 22nd we heard the first Russian artillery fire. The first Stormowik planes appeared over Berlin. The Berlin radio announced that the antiaircraft defense weapons would now no longer be used against planes but against targets on the ground. Many a Gestapo agent and SS-man had already run away—nevertheless 7,000 barricades had been built. The Russians bombarded the Alexanderplatz. Two days later they had succeeded in completely encircling the city. Now hell was loose day and night. We lived in Wilmersdorf which was continuously under Russian fire. Though shells often fell among the long rows of women who queued before the grocery stores, these women continued to wait—for they were hungry. There was no longer any gas, electricity or water. And there was no longer a German army either. From NCO to general, all tried to catch a few "soldiers" in the streets to keep on the fight. The so-called "fighting troops" were a fantastic mixture of marines, airforce and army soldiers, police, Volkssturm, SA and SS. They were very badly armed but many had "Panzerfaust" anti-tank weapons.

They fought 5 days and 5 nights around the house I was living in with my wife. First a very old German tank defended it, but after 12 hours it had spent all its munitions and left. A Russian tank arrived the next morning and began to shell the house next to ours, in which police troops were stationed. A young boy from next door knocked out the tank with a "Panzerfaust". It burned and in the process set fire to several neighboring houses.

Then the Russians tried to weaken the position with heavy mine-throwers—these things are like very heavy bombs. During all this time we sat in the cellar and played poker. Then the Russians took the house opposite ours. SS men made a counter-attack and threw them out. Because the women in one of these houses had given hot coffee to the Russians and had shown friendliness, a young SS-man shot all inhabitants of the house as "traitors". Already earlier we had seen a soldier hanging from a beam—presumably as a warning to others. Even in this completely hopeless situation, the Nazi terror was still strong. The Nazis had the nerve to spread word that "we have to hold on for a few more days, an army of reinforcements is already in the suburbs." The Russians in the meantime had encircled us, all the houses opposite ours had burned down. The Russians were already in our block, at our side of the street. Infantry fire without respite.

The roof of the house next-door began to burn. Soon our roof started burning also. Some courageous men ran to the roof and quenched the flames in the midst of flying shells. I had practically taken command of the operation. After this we decided to close the communication door with the next house, i. e. to shut us off from all contact and to hoist the red flag. The Nazi functionaries objected—I had to leave quickly after a discussion that lasted for hours, otherwise I would have been shot by the SS.

With the evening the infantry fire subsided somewhat and my wife and I tried to find some other house during the dark hours of the night. The city looked fantastic: numberless fires gave a mysterious red light that enveloped the whole city. From time to time some patrols scrutinized us—they appeared suddenly from shadowy corners of the street, but one could no longer tell friend from foe. We finally found a haven in an ordinary cellar in which heavily wounded had been quartered. The rest of the soldiers were terribly drunk. But everybody continued to

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fight on. The next morning somebody shouted that the Russians had arrived. Indeed they were there. The first thing they did was to take our watches.

Berlin fell after extremely heavy fighting. The Russians had an enormous numerical and material superiority, but they had more casualties than the Germans. The German soldiers fought with great bravery. There was house-to-house fighting everywhere. Never did I see Russians attack frontally with bare weapons, as I had so often seen in the Paris movie theatres; their sharp shooters advanced carefully from house to house, covered by tanks. Since the invention of the "Panzerfaust" anti-tank weapon, tanks can be easily hit during street fighting. I saw hundreds of burned-out Russian tanks in the streets after the first days of fighting. The Nazis have invented a very excellent civil war weapon with this "Panzerfaust". There were few German tanks or heavy artillery—for they had hardly any when the fight for Berlin began. The Red Army was well armed, with much equipment and light artillery, but I saw almost no heavy artillery. Every Red Army soldier who takes a direct part in the fighting is equipped with a machine pistol, however, much heavier than the German model. The Russian trucks were nearly all Studebakers. The officers were of a clean appearance, the soldiers however exceedingly dirty and unappetizing. They were usually peasants. The Red Army used Russian, Ukrainian, Polish and Mongolian troops in the fight for Berlin.

The Rape of Berlin

When we returned, we found that our house was still standing. Russian soldiers had just started plundering everything. We were accompanied by two Ukrainian girls who were able to communicate with the soldiers and to tell them to stop plundering. It was the 2d of May. Berlin fell only the next day. We were just about to settle happily to sleep in the cellar when one of the Ukrainian girls, horrified, came to my wife and told her to leave immediately because otherwise she would be raped by the Russian officers during the night. The girls had listened in to the conversation of the Russians. I didn't believe it but the little Ukrainian girl cried and begged us to disappear. I then addressed myself to the Russian officer and asked him if I, as a Frenchman, could leave. "Without the woman", he said. . . . We escaped through a hole in the wall and went to look for the apartment of friends in another district which had already been occupied for a week and there conditions would, I presumed, have quietened down. In the street I saw a woman accompanied by her daughter pushing a baby carriage. I didn't know her. She cried: "My daughter has just been raped five times". What I then saw was horrible. The Russians continuously searched the houses for weapons—and found women. These were not individual cases, no, it characterized the conduct of the whole Red Army. Small children and old women had to pay for the crimes of the Nazis. . . . Rapes that were repeated 30 times were not infrequent. Many women were horribly mutilated. A suicide epidemic set in. The rapes became so customary that one would simply not believe it if a young woman said that she had not been raped. I myself have talked to dozens of women who have been victims, so please believe me. A girl friend asked my wife if she had been raped too. Since I had succeeded in protecting her, the girl said, astonished: "Is such a thing still possible?" About half of all Berlin women were raped.

The city was completely plundered. Even foreign workers and their wives, even prisoners of war, were looted. Whoever attempted to resist was shot on the spot. Of Berlin's normal 4 million inhabitants, 2½ had remained when the Russians entered. All those who had something to fear had already left earlier. Those who remained considered the Russians their liberators. The disillusionment was cruel. Many Communists had put on red armbands the first day. When they saw what happened to their wives and daughters, they threw the armbands away. Huge trucks with looted goods rolled continuously through the Eastern gates of Berlin. The Russians didn't steal only watches and valuables, but also the few pieces of household articles that the workers had been able to save from the air attacks. For the Russians—unaccustomed, as they are, to the relatively high living standards of the German workers—Berlin was inhabited by "bourgeois" only.

The posters said that the Red Army was forbidden to plunder and to loot. But the practice was different. The Red soldiers had learned from Stalin's declarations that Berlin was the fortress of German fascism.

Two days after the end of the fighting, the two-thousandth raped woman had been treated at the Gertruden Hospital. Then there came an order that women should be treated for venereal diseases only. . . .

These things may sound unbelievable. I also once didn't believe similar stories—and I advised women not to believe them and to stay in Berlin.

The political consequences were, of course, catastrophic. All those who had waited for the occasion to revenge themselves on the Nazis were now as if paralyzed. All Germans and foreigners were treated equally badly. The Russian idiots succeeded in a *tour de force* that the Nazis never were capable of: to create a sort of national solidarity among the Germans. Everybody tried to find a way out for himself. The Nazis were thus hardly bothered and succeeded in escaping. A Communist told me: "When the SS-men saw that everything was lost, they put on regular army uniforms—they already had false papers. I haven't denounced them. You'll understand why."

When the administration of the city was organized, the eager and business-conscious petty bourgeoisie immediately swarmed in. Nazis were numerous; decent people kept away; proletarian elements were completely neglected. Spontaneous anti-Nazi activity was forbidden.

Immediately after their arrival, the Russians began to dismantle industrial plants, the Siemens and AEG works for example; they even dismantled most of the railway tracks.

All foreigners received orders to leave the city. I left at the end of May. I was forced to stay in a reception camp for a month. Since the food was horrible, I went to get some more from the peasants in the surrounding districts. But these peasants had been plundered too, animals and agricultural machinery had gone. Here the Russians continued to take the women from their houses—it was now already two months after the end of the fighting. The villages were often deserted. Doctors had no medicine for the women who were nearly all infected with venereal diseases. . . .

Under these conditions "werewolf activity" may very well become a reality as a reaction to the undescribable humiliations. In Berlin, assassinations of Red soldiers have already become common occurrences. The Hitler Youth often has burned down houses. Near the barrack where we were quartered, the Hitler Youth exploded a munition depot in the clear light of the day.

After we had crossed the demarcation line into the American zone, we saw orderly conditions for the first time. . . .

When I arrived in Paris I heard that one of my colleagues had avenged himself on the French fascist who had denounced me and gotten me into the concentration camp. The man has been shot.

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Morality at Nurnberg

If the Nürnberg trials fulfill the promise of the indictment, the millenium may be at hand. Here at last judges and prosecutors offer a means by which all wrongs can be righted, all evildoers punished. In the conduct and purposes of the trials there is only one possible flaw. The Nürnberg trials may end with the punishment of the Nazis alone, instead of being held in every country in the world.

Robert Jackson, with a magnificent disregard of the safety of his colleagues among the prosecution and the judges behind the bench, has announced that he is seeking to establish certain basic principles of international justice. These principles concern the punishment of three kinds of crimes. Launching a war of aggression is a crime. Violating the genteel code which governs the proper conduct of all wars is also a crime. This establishes the neat and important point that it is wrong to commit a crime in the first place, and in the second, that it is wrong to violate the accepted methods for committing that particular kind of crime.

Last and most far-reaching in their scope, are the crimes which have been committed against humanity. Prosecutor Jackson calls for the punishment of men who have murdered, exterminated, enslaved, deported, or committed inhuman acts against civilians, either before or during the war. Jackson feels that it is wrong for a government to prosecute either its own or any other nationals because of their race or political and religious beliefs. And it is equally wrong to be a member of an organization which committed any of these crimes. The defendants will not be able to plead that they committed crimes while acting under the orders of duly constituted authorities, because, orders or not, a crime is still a crime.

The general applications of the Nürnberg principles might create a tremendous vacuum in the state apparatuses all over the world. But it would be a healthy vacuum, a just vacuum, a nothingness which could not possibly be improved upon. The Javanese bill of particulars against the British will be complete, and the men who bombed Rotterdam and Coventry will be followed in the dock by the men who bombarded Soerabaya. Once the Beasts of Belsen are executed, the same sort of justice will be pronounced on the men who killed an equal number of civilians in Hiroshima and Dresden. The French guards who starved antifascists in concentration camps during the first days of World War II will be joined by the French guards who starved German prisoners of war at the war's end. The administrators who starved a defeated nation would be confronted by the testimony of men who died in the streets of Calcutta, as well as those who starved in the gutters of Athens. If persecution for political beliefs becomes an international crime, the members of the NKVD shall be condemned on precisely the same basis as the members of the Gestapo. And even Francis Biddle might step down from the judge's bench to accept a two to ten year sentence for his prosecutions of the Minneapolis Trotskyites.

If following unjust orders is a crime, every Southern law enforcement officer who helps enforce Jim Crow laws is headed straight for the pokey. The admirable feature of punishing the committing of crimes under orders, is of course the fact that it will cause every soldier to weigh the orders of his commanding officers in their true moral light, before he dares act upon them. And the officers themselves may be forced to consult elementary morality before barking an order down the reverberating chain of command.

Obviously, not only principals but accessories will be tried on the Nürnberg principles. Clerics who have placed the approval of the church upon tyranny in Russia and Spain, corporation lawyers who have praised Stalin, liberals who have bleated hosannas before any brutality that happened to be on their side, will be forced to review the practical implications of their words before they are punished. The men who set the boundaries of Germany on the Vistula will find themselves no less guilty than those who set the boundaries of Poland on the Oder. The Dutch who suffered under the Japanese will be punished by the Javanese who suffered under the Dutch.

The Nürnberg trials are a wonderful beginning. But if they are only an ending, they are a crime just as vicious as the ones they seek to punish. The sword of justice has two edges, equally sharp. We can only wait for the backswing.

GEORG MANN

A Note on Soviet Place-Names

MIKHAILOV'S *Soviet Geography* throws an interesting sidelight on the state of Soviet geographical instruction by its description of the birthplace of three men on whose biographies I am working. Simbirsk, where Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov, known as Lenin, was born, is described thus:

"The Volga steamer on its journey crosses the Kuibyshev Region with its great food and metal-working industries. Mechanized agriculture is waging a successful battle here, as in the other districts of the southern Volga Region, against drought. Attractive hills continue to line the right bank, and on the left is the boundless plain. Lenin was born at Ulyanovsk (formerly Simbirsk) in the Kuibyshev Region, and there spent his childhood."

A simple, Spartan description of the birthplace of the first leader of the revolution . . .

Concerning Gori, Stalin's native village, and all the surrounding region, the muse of geography waxes more poetic:

"The vividly individual character of the economy and natural conditions of the Transcaucasus, the richness of its ancient and now regenerated culture, evoke the deep interest and love of all the peoples of the Soviet Union. This feeling is particularly strong because the Transcaucasus is connected in the minds of the Soviet peoples with the name of their leader Stalin. Here, in the town of Gori, Stalin, the son of a poor Georgian workman, was born, and here he spent his childhood. Here he attended school, started his revolutionary work, was thrown into tsarist prisons, and became the leader of the workers' struggles.

"After the October Revolution, and especially during the period of the Five Year Plans, a great change took place in the life of the Transcaucasus. The republics of the Soviet Union, including Azerbaijan, Georgia and Armenia, achieved signal success in economy and the development of culture, largely through the organizing efforts of Stalin.

"A member of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R., I. Gubkin, geologist and petroleum specialist, when he was elected in Baku to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R., wrote: 'I shall never forget the meetings with my electors at which I witnessed scenes which touched me beyond

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expression. An old and bent Azerbaijan woman, who a year ago perhaps still wore the veil, mounts the platform. In a voice that gradually becomes stronger with deep emotion, with all the passion of gratitude which the heart of a woman of Azerbaijan is capable of feeling, she says to the hushed hall: *"Stalin, long live Stalin! He gave us life!"* A storm of enthusiasm brings the people to their feet as soon as this great name falls on their ears.' "

Thus does our geographer end his section on the Transcaucasus. But he finds it difficult to stay away from the region; a few pages farther on he brings us back again, via the Transcaucasian railway:

"On the bank of the Kura surrounded by orchards, stands the small town of Gori. It was here that Stalin was born in 1879. The one-story brick house is now protected by glass, faced with marble, and surrounded by a fence. The house has been turned into a museum and everything remains there as it was in the years of Stalin's boyhood. The school which he attended has been preserved. Thousands of people from all parts of the Soviet Union come to Gori every year."

I counted at least 25 other references to Stalin in this popular Soviet geography, without including photographs referring to him and no less lyrical descriptions of Stalin Peak, Stalinbad, Stalingrad, the Stalingrad Region, Stalin-iri, Stalino, the Stalino Region, Stalinogorsk, and Stalinsk. The index, too, shows him easily outdistancing all competitors in the number of personal references. The last words of the handbook on Soviet Geography are:

"The highest mountain in the Soviet Union stands in the center of this glaciated node of mighty mountain chains. It has been climbed and its height established as 24,590 feet above the level of the sea. This majestic peak bears the name of Stalin."

As for Yanovka, the obscure birthplace of Trotsky, its name is still Yanovka, and the Soviet Geography does not mention it at all.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE.

The Five-Hours War

It is not to war that people object. Duration—that's the nub of the matter. Somehow brevity is never stressed in the courses at war colleges. No wonder that a people who for years have indicated a preference for single features are dissatisfied!

The question that naturally arises is what is the legitimate duration of a war. I submit that five hours should be fixed as maximum. New discoveries may shorten even this schedule, though, of these, civilians are usually first to feel the benefits.

Let us suppose there is a nation which complains about our tariffs or some such thing. Trouble is brewing and then . . . several cases of chocolate bars are smuggled into our borders. On with the war!

8:00 *am*: The people are informed that they have declared war. Appropriate speeches with moderate use of vituperation when describing the enemy are broadcast.

Note: It is essential that these addresses appear in newspapers. As morning papers are on the stands at this time, it might be wise to declare war the preceding night, or better still, at noon. Thus:

12:00 *pm*: The people are informed, etc.

1:00 *pm*: Extras rushed to the stands. Engineers are dispatched to Hollywood, Bel Air, Beverly Hills, etc., California. They carry with them explosives.

2:00 *pm*: Bombers painted with symbols of the enemy fly over every section of the land.

2:05 *pm*: A war tax of five dollars is levied on everybody within our borders.

Note: If the population were no more than 130 millions, the total revenue would be 650 million dollars.

Further Note: It is not to be construed that the tax announcement coming simultaneously with the appearance of bombers is in any way intended to make collection of revenue easier.

3:00 *pm*: Sudden disappearance of all bombers.

3:15 *pm*: Committees appointed to cope with black-marketing of enemy chocolate bars.

3:45 *pm*: A single bomber painted with symbols of the enemy appears over Hollywood, Bel Air, Beverly Hills, etc., Calif. Bombardier releases sacks of flour. This is the signal for the engineers who have placed dynamite in vacant lots, parking areas, and the like, to set off fuses.

4:00 *pm*: Radio announces to the world that Hollywood has been bombed, that many Big Names are injured. Interviews with stars are broadcast.

Note: If television is used for covering the interviews, the celebrities should be in bed.

4:10 *pm*: Great demonstrations by the populace are staged. Flags and lapel ribbon will be provided.

Simultaneously, in the enemy country, just-as-concerned-movie fans demand their rulers give explanation for the attack.

4:45 *pm*: Leaders of enemy country ousted from office despite ability to prove attack was impossible.

4:55 *pm*: New enemy government profusely apologizes and prays that the unfortunate incident will not affect future exhibitions of their favorite screen stars' films. It eagerly accepts our terms of unconditional surrender.

5:00 *pm*: Armistice is signed in Hollywood at the Chinese Theater.

Note: Those actors who were reported injured should not be photographed at celebration.

And so the war ends . . . a pleasant afternoon had by all.

I am cognizant the above format by no means explores all possible methods of waging a five-hours' war. I do feel, however, that my plan is submitted in the best tradition:

1. There is no accounting for the 650 million dollars collected as war tax.

2. At no time during the war are the causes of the conflict described to the peoples of either nation.

MELRICK T. LANDEN

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED!

The latter part of the 19th century was an era of boundless business enterprise carried on for the most part in a crassly materialistic spirit. . . . Powerful interests, in order to protect their new empires of finance and industry, exercised almost complete control of national and state governments. Little attention was paid by them to the masses of small farmers and laborers who were being crushed in the mad stampede for wealth and power.

—"Common Sense", November, 1945.

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NEW ROADS (2)

Helen Constas:

A Critique of Marxian Ideology

Author's Note: In this article I attempt to examine what is wrong with the theoretical structure of Marxism and the relation of these deficiencies to the decline of socialism as a politically effective concept. I further attempt to point out that Lenin's development of Marxist theory did not solve these deficiencies but on the contrary, committed the socialist movement to new, incorrect theories. I believe that the crux of the problem is in reality the question what is socialism, and I propose to redefine socialism in moral rather than in historical terms. On the question, "How can it be achieved?"—I try to develop the practical organizational concepts that flow from this redefinition of socialism, and to contrast them with the Bolshevik conception of organization. Naturally, I do not think this article represents the last word to be said on the subject but rather feel that at present there is a possibility of revitalizing and developing the concept of socialism thru and beyond Marxism. It is in this spirit of constructive development of what is best in Marxist thought and a concern with the contemporary revitalization of the ideal of socialism that I make the following points.

I.

THE attempt to understand the decline of socialism as a politically effective concept may well begin with Marx's theory of ideology. Simply stated, Marx viewed ideologies as the verbal expressions of class interests. Thus all political, ethical, esthetic, and economic theories are the expressions of the needs and values of a particular class. Marx subjected the various supra-historical Absolutes to an historical analysis which uncovered their social genesis, their social usefulness, and their partial, one-sided character. Ideological structures were stripped of their pseudo-objectivity and revealed as the expressions of class interests. The relativism of ideologies which Marx was the first to reveal fully was not long his exclusive property to be used against his opponents. For by Marx's own definitions, socialist ideology, too, must be partial, one-sided, relative. How then could the superiority of one ideology over another be objectively demonstrated?

In the attempt to overcome the relativity of all ideologies, Marx invested working class ideology with a special, dual character which no other ideology possessed. Because the working class was a limited historical phenomenon which was destined, thru the historical process, to overcome and abolish itself; so, proletarian ideology was partly class-bound, and partly supra-class in that it too would overcome itself thru the historical process culminating in socialism. The laws-of-motion of society (summed up in Marx's idea of historical materialism) asserted that society moved in an upward spiral from primitive communism thru various forms of class rule and then to communism again on a new and higher level. Marx attempted to overcome historical relativism by postulating that socialist ideology was the last and highest in the series: with its realization thru the social revolution, all ideologies would end. Both the proletariat and its ideology were relative; both were destined to be abolished by the historical process. All ideologies (capitalist, feudal, socialist) were relative, but the socialist ideology was the highest and most generalized, since it expressed the class interests of the majority—i. e., the workers.

From this simple view of the one-to-one correlation between class and ideology, however, several variations have developed. Undoubtedly, the most important practically has been that of Bolshevism created by Lenin. Lenin's theory of the relation of socialist ideology to the working class is best known perhaps thru his pamphlet, *What Is To Be Done*: "The history of all countries shows that the working class, exclusively by its own effort, is able to develop only trade-union consciousness. . . . There can be no talk of independent ideology being developed by the masses of workers in the process of their movement. . . ."

Whence then does socialist ideology arise? "The theory of socialism, however, grew out of the philosophic, historical, and economic theories that were elaborated by the educated representatives of the propertied classes, the intellectuals. . . . Political class consciousness can only be brought to the workers from the outside, that is, outside, of the economic struggle, outside of the orbit of the relations existing between all classes and social strata and the State, that is in the sphere of relations existing among all classes."

Thus no longer does Lenin see a simple one-to-one relation between socialist ideology and the working class as did Marx. But, on the contrary, there are two parallel movements: the socialist and the labor. Socialist ideology must be consciously brought into the life-stream of the proletariat by a section of the enemy class which (for some unexplained reasons) acts contrary to its class interests. This elite, supra-class group is the Bolshevik party of professional revolutionaries. In the case of no other historical class does this inverted relation between class position and ideology obtain. All previous ruling classes from slave thru capitalist developed their own ideologists from their own ranks.

Marx had pointed out that the working class, unlike all other classes in history, must first become dominant ideologically (which includes, of course, politically) in order

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to become dominant economically. In short there must first be socialists in order to have socialism. On the other hand Leninism led to the dilemma of needing socialists to create socialism and asserting that only socialism will create socialists (or to put it Lenin's way, capitalism creates only bourgeois ideology among the workers). To be sure, Bolsheviks will reply that the relation between socialists and socialism is a dynamic or dialectical process—the dilemma is only verbal and is solved in practice. But Bolshevism is at best the theory of benevolent despotism to overcome the gap between the general bourgeois consciousness of the masses and the socialist consciousness of the élite, and it has never solved this dilemma, least of all in practice. Lenin's theory of the relation of class to ideology was implicitly based on the recognition that Marx was wrong in his view that the existence of capitalism with its contradictions and insoluble problems was enough to give rise to socialist ideology.

In *The German Ideology* Marx had written: "Communism is for us not a stable state which is to be established, an *ideal* to which reality will have to adjust itself. We call communism the *real* movement which abolishes the present state of things. The conditions of this movement result from the premises now in existence." But history shows all too painfully today that the growth of socialist ideology is not determined by the facts of capitalist life alone; it is not a necessary effect of the premises now in existence. To solve the problem in practice, Lenin developed the theory of Bolshevism and the Bolshevik Party. An élite (who *are* socialists) will drive the broad mass of humanity down the difficult path to socialism. The masses have only to follow the leadership of those who know better than they do what their real historic interests are.

This view was tenable, perhaps, until the experience of the Russian Revolution. For until then all socialists, following Marx, saw only one road ahead—from capitalism to socialism. It mattered only secondarily how one traversed the road. But now that the experience of the Russian Revolution has shown all who care to see that there are other alternatives to capitalism than Marx imagined or foresaw, it is clear that the Leninist view of ideology cannot be defended. Lenin's revision of Marx's incorrect theory—a revision made to give a theoretical justification for his organizational concepts—must be rejected just as explicitly as those organizational concepts themselves. Much has been written attacking specific Bolshevik actions (debates over Kronstadt, over the abolition of factions in the CP at the 10th Congress, etc.) but what is needed is a reexamination of both the Marxist and Leninist conceptions of the relation of ideology and class which includes, of course, the relation of political parties and class.

II.

I have tried to show that (1) because of the empirical failure of the Marxian theory of the growth of socialist ideology (i.e., because the working class under capitalism did not, in actuality, become increasingly socialist) Lenin was forced to revise Marx on this point; and (2) Lenin's own theory of organization (Bolshevism) led to historically undesirable ends—a theme to which I shall return later on in more detail. At this point, I want to examine what is basically inadequate in Marxism.

It is fundamental to Marxism to consider man's relation to man as determined by the level of the productive forces. For Marx, a given level of productivity corresponds to a certain degree of the division of labor and results in specific class relations. "Division of labor and private property are, moreover, identical expressions: in the one the same thing is affirmed with reference to activity as is affirmed in the other with reference to the product of the activity." "The division of labor implies from the outset the division of the conditions of labor, of tools and materials, and thus the splitting-up of accumulated capital among different owners, and thus, also, the division between capital and labor, and the different forms of property itself." "For as soon as labor is distributed, each man has a particular, exclusive sphere of activity, which is forced upon him and from which he cannot escape." (*German Ideology*, PP. 22 and 65). The level of productivity embodying a specific degree of the division of labor causes men to enter into relations which are necessary and independent of their will, Marx asserts. But nowhere does Marx show conclusively why a given level of productivity must necessarily cause certain class relations. For example, why did the development of the productive forces necessarily lead from primitive communism to slave society? Why couldn't the new social wealth be enjoyed collectively as it had been previously? Precisely how and why did a given increase in the level of productivity result in class society and private property?

At the most, the division of labor itself leads to a diversity of jobs all of which are socially equal. The development of the productive forces due to the continuous and increasing division of labor would therefore have brought about historically a constantly rising standard of living which all members of the social group would have shared equally. Mankind would never have left the social *relations* of primitive communism; humanity's history would have been merely a constant rise in productivity socially distributed on the basis of "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." In short, in what way does the division of labor result in classes and exploitation? How does it bring about a small group which controls and owns the means of production? In what way does the division of labor imply automatically social inequality and parasitism? This remains unexplained by Marx. He merely asserts that it does. This concept is axiomatic to his system of thought—it does not require and he does not offer proof.

III.

The concept that classes are the necessary concomitant of the division of labor breaks down completely when we examine the economic relations of socialism. Those who desired socialism always maintained that the new system would be equalitarian, without private property, democratic, based on man's needs, both physical and mental. They envisaged a technical, productive system materially like this era's, involving mass production based on the use

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of machinery.* Socialists asked for the social equality of all labor—not the abolition of the division of labor, which is a technical impossibility at this level of productivity.

". . . while in communist society, where nobody has one exclusive sphere of activity but each can become accomplished in any branch he wishes, society regulates the general production and thus makes it possible for me to do one thing today and another tomorrow, to hunt in the morning, fish in the afternoon, tend cattle in the evening, criticize after dinner, just as I have a mind, without ever becoming hunter, fisherman, shepherd or critic." (*German Ideology*, p. 22) Thus, as he logically must, Marx asks for the abolition of the division of labor since for him this is what determines and brings about classes. But Marx rarely mentions this logical absurdity of his system, and socialists have forgotten or overlooked it. Paradoxically, the increase in the division of labor brings about two opposite results, only one of which Marx concerned himself with. On the one hand it continually reduces labor which was skilled to the level of simple unskilled labor; but on the other hand, it results in new jobs which are even more specialized. Thus engineering now includes electrical and chemical divisions, for example. And one does not even change from a bacteriologist to a bio-chemist in one day.

By the time Marx wrote *Capital*, he had developed a distinction between the *social* and the *technical* division of labor. "These two are essentially distinct for the detailed labor inside a workshop does not lead to the production of commodities, whereas the social division of labor does." But this does not explain why the mass of people became divorced from the ownership of the means of production in the first place. Marx shows very clearly in *Capital* how during the breakdown of feudalism the mass of people become divorced from what still remained to them of the means of production (communal land and individual tools). Force was the agency that ultimately divorced the people totally from the means of production and converted them into propertyless wage workers. However, this force was based on feudal exploitation. Marx fails to trace the process back far enough to show from what base this force was derived. Once class society is established, it is relatively simple to trace its development and variations. However, the problem still remains: what is the origin of class society? Marx has failed to demonstrate that the division of labor in and of itself must give rise to classes and exploitation.

The division of labor need not have given rise to groups that had special social power. Socialists seem to think that a leisure class based on superior social power was somehow necessary for the development of art, philosophy, science and industry. This is their historical justification for the existence of slavery, for example. A leisure class was certainly necessary—but it need not have been achieved thru social domination. Leisure could have been granted to individuals or groups by the community (which would be the problem's solution under socialism) not wrested from the community by individuals. Furthermore, the majority of the wealth resulting from exploitation is never devoted to the advance of the arts and sciences, but is wasted in useless and destructive extravagances. The arts and sciences are by-products of class society, not its purpose. There is no historical justification for class society. It was not necessary for the development of productivity—of either an artistic or technical nature. Marx fails to show why class society was ever necessary, just as he fails to show how it arose.

IV.

Both Marx in his theory of social evolution and Darwin in his theory of organic evolution fail to do anything more than *describe* the process of development. Darwinism has the same problem to solve, namely why it is that certain organic forms develop to a certain level and no further. Adaptability is no answer, for obviously the cockroach must be as well adapted as man, if survival is our criterion. For Darwin this is not a serious problem, for his only duty as a scientist is to describe. He is not trying to remake the natural world. For a historian, however, to describe is not enough, particularly when one wants to change the world.

Thruout all of Marx's work there runs the concept that there are certain material prerequisites for socialism—that socialism corresponds to a certain degree of productivity. And here we come to one of the fundamental contemporary dilemmas of Marxism. Since Marx judges all phenomena by the criterion of the level of productivity, he defines a class as progressive in so far, and so long as, it increases this level. But the phenomenon of the Soviet Union (although there are other examples, this is the most spectacular) should have convinced us by now that the level of productivity, like the boiling point of water, is a datum: it does not determine man's relation to man, nor can it be used to judge these relations. What is important to socialists is not the level of productive forces but the relations among men. These relations are not determined by the level of productivity, and hence, they are not independent of man's will entirely. Marx's assumption that with every general rise in productivity there will be a progressive reflex in the realm of human relations has not only not been borne out by history but lacks logical proof. Once it is grasped that there is no necessary or logical connection between the level of productivity and the relations among men, Marx's entire structure of historical determinism with its evolutionary stages is invalidated. For Marx, it was unthinkable that socialism could exist before a certain technical level of productivity was reached, and also that it might *not* exist after this level was reached. For us, on the contrary, socialism has always been a possibility and becomes no *more* a possibility simply because of the present technical level.

Unfortunately, for years the socialist movement has equated increased productivity and the nationalization of property with socialism, and must now be reminded that the relations that men enter into and not the technical level are what determines socialism. Contrary to most contemporary socialists, socialism is not implied by an "economy of abundance" or "plenty for all." Socialism is not a technological system but a set of moral relationships. Hence the current use of the expression "democratic socialism."

All the foregoing implies that the struggle for socialism

* That is, with the exception of such socialists as William Morris who wished to inaugurate a system of handicraft production.

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must return to its original political base as the struggle for a moral ideal. It must be recognized that socialism was a valid political program in the days of Caesar or Charlemagne, as well as now. Socialism is based on the social ownership and democratic control of the means of production, *whatever they may happen to be at any historical moment.* And all talk not only about historical inevitability but also historic necessity and the immanent laws of social development leads not to socialism but to a support of the status quo. It must be acknowledged that Marx's concept of historical materialism, with its necessary stages of social development and its justification on historical grounds of previous class rule, has contributed to the amoral view of history prevalent today among "scientific sociologists."

Whoever *merely* asserts that whatever happens, came about for a reason, and is therefore right, will end up as Hegel, supporting the existing order whatever it may be or come to be. He will accept and hail What Is as "reality." Today, this applies as much to Burnham's "Lenin's Heir" (Partisan Review, Winter 1945) as to Eastman's support of that solid reality, American imperialism. Unfortunately, such critics fail to exercise any moral faculties in viewing history. Their approach to history is basically amoral; their only reality, power politics. Witness Burnham's preoccupation with the theoreticians of power politics. Read Trotsky's statement on the relation between ethics and politics in *My Life*: "To operate with abstract moral criteria in politics is notoriously hopeless. Political morals procede from politics itself, and are one of its functions. Only a politics that serves a great historical task can insure itself against morally irreproachable methods." (p. 490) But how can one determine whether a historical task is great except by "abstract moral criteria?"

Here we come to one of the fundamental dilemmas inherent in socialist political action—a dilemma which Marx in no way resolved, but rather aggravated. On the one hand it is impossible to act unless one's political deeds stem from a set of absolute moral standards; on the other hand, every action will in some way contradict this set of standards since all actions produce evil as well as good results. Some, on first realizing this paradox, decide to abstain from all action in order to avoid the responsibility of the results of their activity; they of course avoid nothing. Others, influenced by Marx's historicism, take the view that the evil flowing from their actions is not really evil—it is historical necessity, expediency, explained away by the broad goal, etc. Thus instead of acknowledging the duality of actions and thereby being in a better position to predict and counteract the evil as much as possible, the wrongs are justified, excused, and become an accepted part of the pattern of political life. No attempt is made to overcome them, their existence is guaranteed as necessary. It is this misunderstanding of the interrelation between an absolute moral standard (socialism) and the limited, dual aspect of reality that causes Shachtman for example, to this day to refer to the "errors" of Bolshevism in quotation-marks, and to offer all the usual historical reasons, a la Trotsky, as to why the Bolsheviks *had* to act the way they did. But those who base themselves on the reality of evil and do not attempt to explain it away historically or otherwise are the only ones who are in a position to genuinely come to grips with the moral problems involved in all political action. Theirs is the only position from which the problem of means and ends can be approximately solved.

Unfortunately, the *real-politikers* have their predecessors, not the least of whom was Marx himself, who, in his desire to be completely scientific, viewed ethical systems as epiphenomena of the underlying class relations, thereby vitiating the moral basis of socialism. Thus slavery was described as not so much good or bad as a necessary stage of social evolution. And being necessary, it then became good within a given historical framework. But let us remember that Marx, contradicting his own system, didn't limit himself to saying "I predict socialism, therefore, I believe in it." Rather he was appalled by oppression and exploitation. He *wanted* socialism. His study of the laws of motion of society "showed" society was moving where? Why towards peace, freedom, equality, culture. The endpoint in historical development just happened oddly enough to coincide with ethically desirable goals, with what, in short, Marx wanted. Marx "proved" that what he wanted (socialism) was not merely possible but was the next stage of social evolution! This has always been very reassuring to Marxists and is one of the reasons they feel so defeated and confused today.

V.

The Marxist schemata of history is an impossible theory on which to base the struggle for socialism. It takes as axiomatic that classes and private property are the result of the division of labor but it cannot prove this and does not try. It remains an assumption, and one which if car-

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ried to its logical conclusion would make socialism an impossibility for all time. It objectifies historical process and turns it into a self-propelled, a-human, a-moral evolution analagous to Darwin's theory of natural evolution. The basic concepts of socialism have no need of Marx's theoretical scaffolding, and indeed stand quite in contradiction to it.

The present crisis in socialism is due to the fact that Marxism cannot explain the historical facts of life or act as a guide and those who expect it to do so are hopelessly lost. The two political forms which developed from Marxism, namely Social-Democracy and Bolshevism, have collapsed and socialists are now in a quandary because they have no theoretical system developed on which to base themselves and their ideas. On the theoretical plane the dilemma was caused by Marx's attempt to eliminate subjectivity (i. e., value-judgments) from sociology and put socialism on a *scientific* basis. In this struggle Marx showed his superiority to middle-class moralists in that he demonstrated that not ignorance but self-interest is the cause of social conflict. Thus educating men was not enough; their social conditions had to be changed. On the other hand his zeal for a scientific base for socialism led him to assert that morality was merely part of man's false-consciousness, and class-bound.

Still further limitations of Marxism as a theoretical system were acutely felt with the realization that the Soviet "experiment" had failed. In the attempt to explain the Soviet Union and take an attitude towards it, many experienced empirically the limitations of Marxism as a "science of history." Could the Soviet Union be defended on the basis of nationalized property? In judging the Soviet burocracy, how relevant was the criterion that a rising level of productivity determined that a class is progressive? Was the burocracy a new class, and if so, how did this fit in with the Marxist conception that every new class has a historical function and is therefore progressive? What was the relation between the base and the superstructure in the Soviet Union? For the answer to these questions, Marxism is an inadequate guide.

The attempt to evaluate events in the Soviet Union by the Marxist yardstick has led only to the greatest confusion and absurdities in socialist circles. The more orthodox Marxist the group, the worse the dilemma (Trotsky and the Socialist Workers Party). Those, on the other hand, who either revise Marx unannounced or ignore Marxist fundamentals, are able at least to come to grips with the current political problems (Shachtman and the Workers Party). The dilemma of Marxists is perhaps best typified by Koestler in *The Yogi and the Commissar*, where Koestler decides that the Soviet Union is economically progressive and politically reactionary (p. 193). Yet he apparently sees no theoretical contradiction in this statement and is still a Marxist!

The rehabilitation of socialism as a moral ideal is the only way out of the contemporary confusion among socialists. This will not be an easy task, for the words, "ideals" or "abstract moral criteria," in Trotsky's scornful language are equated by orthodox Marxists with philosophical idealism, against which they pose an amoral materialism, and historicism. But ideals need not be based on metaphysical "categories" or systems. *Ideals need not be idealist.* The ethical standards of socialism can be and are derived directly from the physical and psychological needs of human beings, and are therefore quite real and materialist. This is the only scientific base for socialism. Ethics need not be based on the supra-human sanctions of religion or other metaphysical systems of thought. Rather scientific ethics can be based on the fact that humanity requires for its physical and psychological happiness the realization of the ethical standards of socialism—peace, freedom, social equality, self-development, etc.—and it is on the real needs of mankind that socialism must base itself, not on "the real movement of history".

VI.

The rehabilitation of socialism as a moral ideal does not of course mean that the way in which historical events occur is no longer to be studied. But historical events must be *judged*, not merely genetically explained. Trotsky's pet maxim "Neither to weep nor to laugh but to understand" is only the "antithesis." The "synthesis" reads "Not merely to understand but to laugh or weep".

Need I add that the necessity for basing socialism on a moral foundation does not mean that all of Marxism has to be rejected as has been done by many eager to make their peace with capitalism? Marx's premise that the level of productivity and its corresponding degree of the division of labor determine class relations, and his conclusion that capitalism will of necessity be superseded by socialism are both false. Nevertheless, despite its basic inadequacy as a basis for socialism, Marxism contains many correct insights into the workings of society. The concepts of exploitation, of class struggle, of the state, of the social-usefulness of ideologies, etc. are valid ones.

However, as a system of thought on which to base a struggle for socialism, Marxism has proved unworkable. Socialists today live in the theoretical vacuum caused by the collapse first of Social-Democracy and then of that Bolshevism which itself grew out of the failure of Social-democracy. It is apparent that we must build a new theoretical system which will imply workable organizational and political forms. Such a system will recognize that fundamentally socialism is an ethical, humanitarian movement (which does not however imply that it is reformist or pacifist). Its organizational forms must correspond to this and not to those of Bolshevism. A genuinely socialist political organization would therefore have the following characteristics. Externally (i. e. the relation between the organization and the broad mass of the people) a relationship of teacher, advisor, suggestor, demonstrator *not* controller. The task of the party is to educate not to rule. The aim is to achieve the maximum of self-activity on the part of the people themselves not state power for the party. The basic mistake of Bolshevism organizationally is that it is essentially benevolent authoritarianism and this entails the maximum *planning for* the mass of the people (and the minimum of initiative on their part), direct control and eventually coercion, the replacement of the collective self-activity of the masses by the activity of professional officials (burocrats). In practice Bolshevism has no confidence in the ability of the people to rule themselves. It does not recognize the right of the people to make their own mistakes but like all benevolent despots it takes its own contribution and ideas as the most important. This attitude is backed up by the

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theoretical justification that after all there can only be one genuine working class party and all other groups are subjectively or objectively counter-revolutionary.* Thus in all conflicts between the CP and the soviets, or between the CP and other working class groups, in the final analysis the Bolsheviks imposed their will. But benevolent despotism, while at first apparently successful and efficient, is in the end a straight jacket upon the initiative of the people, and therefore slowly kills the source of the socialist revolution. Benevolent depotism eventually degenerates into sheer despotism.

As Luxemburg expressed it: "It is clear that socialism from its very nature is not capable of being imposed or introduced by decree. . . . Only life flowing unrestrictedly can hit upon a thousand new forms, make improvisations, contain a creative power, itself correct all its blunders. . . . The whole mass of the people must participate, otherwise socialism is decreed, imposed from above by a handful of intellectuals. . . . But the suppression of political life thruout the land means that the life of the soviets must grow more and more paralyzed. Without general elections, without unrestricted freedom of the press and assembly, without free conflict of opinion, life dies out in every public institution, becomes a mere semblance of life in which the burocracy alone remains the active element. No one can evade this law. Public life gradually falls asleep. . . . Socialist democracy begins not in the promised land after the basis of socialist economy has been laid, as a ready-made Christmas present for the good people who, meanwhile have loyally supported a handful of socialist dictators. Socialist democracy begins simultaneously with the overthrow of class rule and the construction of socialism . . . This dictatorship (of the proletariat, H.C.) must be the work of the class as a whole and not of a small minority in the name of the class; it must proceed at every step with the active participation of the masses; it must be subject to their direct influence, stand under the control of unrestricted public opinion, proceed from the growing political education of the masses."

The characteristics of a genuinely socialist political organization from an internal viewpoint include the following: a dynamic leader-follower relationship based upon a maximum of self-activity, suggestions, and criticism from below (i. e. on the part of the rank and file members); certain absolute standards of democratic procedure which can never be broken under any circumstances (including "historic necessity") such as the right to form factions at all times, the right to publish internal bulletins, etc. The Bolshevik concept of *democratic centralism* is at first glance a satisfactory formula for a genuinely democratic party organization—until the exponents of it announce that the two elements, democracy and centralism, are historical variables, and the concrete proportions of democracy and centralism vary "according to the given historical situation". Thus it is possible that in a given historical situation, the party can be completely centralized and undemocratic. We on the other hand assert that a genuinely democratic socialist party is based on democratic procedures absolute in character. And while no one can guarantee these on paper, living, democratic forms of organization can be so firmly held by each individual member, precedents and examples so established, sensitivity to burocracy so developed, absolute ideals rather than historical relativism so permeating an outlook, that burocratism will find it difficult to grow. The outlook for such a theoretical and organizational development is not very favorable at the moment. But unless socialism is to remain a purely cerebral affair, these developments must occur.

* To be sure Lenin in *State and Revolution* expressed great confidence in the possibility of self-activity on the part of the people themselves—but this was written before the Revolution of 1917. What people know and what they do, frequently do not dovetail. For the best example of "before and after" politics we quote Trotsky's prediction about the Bolshevik Party made in 1904 when he was not a Bolshevik—"The organization of the party replaces the party; the central committee replaces the organization; the dictator replaces the central committee." He need only have added—all this in the name of historic necessity.

Albert Votaw:

Toward a Personalist Socialist Philosophy

THE present decadence of the organized socialist movement seems to follow from the unfortunate circumstance that, until recently, our theory never seriously considered the possibility that revolution might easily lead to totalitarianism and the absolute negation of all truly socialist values. How much of this may be attributed to mere oversight and how much to an acceptance of the necessity of violent revolution, in which the means must inevitably corrupt the ends, would be difficult to assay. Certainly, the developments of the past quarter century have all but extinguished organized radical socialist thought.

If we socialists are ever to direct into positive channels discontent with the status quo, we must, I feel, deal squarely with the problem Dwight Macdonald posed in *The Responsibility of Peoples*: man's helplessness and insecurity vis-a-vis the nonpersonal and relentless collective into which, will it or no, he is submerged.

Socialism must then reorientate itself about a recognition of the validity, shall we say dignity, of the individual; if its sole contribution to political thought is that it will be able better to administer the social machine, it cannot avoid totalitarianism.

Psychology as the Guide

This centralizing of socialist values about individual worth does not require as its theoretical basis belief in God or a moral order of the universe, as Savage suggests. Nor need it be sought in the thinking of libertarian or bourgeois revolutionaries of the past centuries, or in some metaphysical or ethical system. If socialist thinking requires an absolute, it can well be found in what modern psychology has built on the discoveries of Freud. Paul Goodman has suggested the crux of the problem in the March POLITICS: there are certain instinctual drives which will prevent man's adjustment to society "if, *with or without the profit-system*, the political mechanism is to consist of (1) centralized big-factory technology . . . (2) mass-distribution . . . (3) bureaucratic centralism in government." (Quotations from Goodman's review, emphasis mine.)

Modern psychology, in spite of the conspicuous failure

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of most of its proponents to remain independent of the ruler-class, has provided radical thinkers with several excellent investigations into the nature of society. They assume, and quite rightly so, that in the interrelated dichotomy of man and society, society plays the preponderate formative role. Yet, in spite of this, man remains uneasy, afraid; hence his society is unstable.

The Problem before Us

For the most important single feature of contemporary society is that it reduces man to an entity, a certain minute quantity, which is bought, sold, transferred, aided, or crushed by vast, amoral collectives over which he has no control and of whose functions he is completely ignorant. This is the primary wickedness of society today, not the fact that production is ordered by the manager with the capitalist's profit in mind instead of by the economist—read bureaucrat—in the interests of the people's stomach. As an individual develops and his capacities expand, he discovers that there are certain seemingly immutable obstacles which prevent him from externalizing his subconscious dynamics. He is forced into a society of contradictions between the life he must lead as an individual and the life he must lead as a social animal. He finds that within society there are certain accepted norms from which it would be futile, unrealistic, to attempt to deviate, and that these norms are on a much lower ethical level than the norms which he is expected to follow at home or with the group which regards him primarily as an individual. To add to the confusion of this schizophrenic condition he finds that he is forced to surrender his whole life to the dictates of "the system". His economic situation is completely fortuitous: nothing he can say or do will in any way provide him with satisfactory work—or even work; the only iota of influence he has in his local productive cell is to bitch and wait for the wheels to start turning. Even in his union his own voice is weak, and the area of policy-making is being moved farther away from him. This is especially true of the C.I.O., which seems to be unconsciously following the trend towards state-controlled collectivism by transferring collective bargaining to Washington, where the weapons are political. To complete this feeling of impotence in the economic field is the incessant, insistent flood of propaganda, like the loudspeaker-voices in Huxley's *Brave New World*, telling him wherever he turns that he is living in the last stronghold of individual enterprise, where individual worth is sufficient in itself to guarantee electric ranges, $30 nightgowns, and a set of Rogers silverware, as advertised in *Life*, the workingman's *Vanity Fair*.

The same stifling vastness predominates in the intellectual field. In this best of all bourgeois worlds, a nation of 130 millions is incapable of supporting more than a handful of periodicals which can be said to have any literary or intellectual value whatsoever. Among supposedly educated men there are all too few who can discuss anything beyond the weather, the current sporting events, and their own particular trade, be it law, politics, sales techniques, or plumbing. The mass-media of communication consistently pander to the lowest possible tastes. In addition, it is almost impossible to tell one quiz program, comedian, soap-opera, or piece of commercialized swing from another. In a culture which prides itself on its rugged individualism there is scarcely a single widely distributed periodical or radio program which, if merely by virtue of its uniqueness, stands out. The curse of standardization, homogeneity, and conformity lies on us; the greatest sin is to be different. The Pharisee's prayer is today, "Great Lord, I thank Thee that I *am* like other men."

In an attempt to escape from a situation in which he feels lost, insignificant, and whose mysterious, inexorable workings frighten him, man seeks to assert the inviolability of his personality by identifying himself with some movement in whose activities he can see an expression of his *alter ego*. As is obvious, the voluntary surrender of one's identity to a collective, this political return to the womb, can hardly be more satisfying than involuntary submergence beneath a vaster collective. But as long as men are unfree, in the sense that they are but passive elements in their political, economic, and intellectual life, as long as society and social changes are unplanned and unconscious, and as long as man controls the means to exterminate himself without being able to control even himself, not to speak of his rulers, society will be unstable. Man's basic psychological urge for growth and a sense of belonging will ever be frustrated unless society can firmly base its whole existence on the recognition of the right of each individual to his positive freedom.

This would indicate that socialism could very well reduce its emphasis on economics and the organization of the planned economy by the state. Certainly it must make little difference to the individual worker whether he is forced to conform to a pattern in which theoretically he will be better fed or to one which is necessary for the glorification of his race or nation. A planned economy whose main function is production cannot but lead to totalitarianism, no matter how democratically it is conceived, since coercion of dissident *groups* which endanger fulfillment of the plan demands a further concentration of repressive power in the hands of the state. Socialism, seeking to affirm certain humanitarian values, cannot divorce itself from the individual, nor ignore the findings of psychology. To the traditional socialist criticism of the profit system must be added the psychologist's analysis of man's fate in a mass-production society.

Outline of a Solution

The broad outlines of a program based on such a personalist-socialist philosophy would stress federalism in government as the best method for permitting diversified local organizations within a general unified whole. It would further apply federalism to the world revolution, specifically repudiating the concept of national sovereignty. Within this federal unity, it would urge decentralization of the productive units. The central point would be that the workers control the productive cells in which they work.

Existing planned production has been done within a totalitarian state preparing for war at tremendous cost in human suffering. Traditional-socialist planning, while stressing decentralized administration, is still unconvincing from the standpoint of personal liberty. Modern socialist economists, anxious to demonstrate the practicability of a planned economy to critical orthodox economists, have effectively demonstrated how an economy can be planned by using then-current production as a guide. Disinterested,

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platonic economists would adjust the economic system by the simple operation of the law of supply and demand. Practicable as this may be, it still leaves the power of economic decision far out of the hands of the individual; it still ignores the fact that certain human values are more important—or should be—than maintaining a high level of production.

Non-totalitarian planning might very well be done by a commission elected democratically on an industrial basis. In it representatives of the workers will work out some solution to the conflicts between production and leisure time, between producer and consumer. The planning commission will have the assistance of as many technical advisors as it wishes, but final decisions will be made by those groups which have the responsibility for production. The right to strike against decisions of the planning commission will be recognized. In other words, each group of workers has the chance to decide, with reference to the needs of their fellows, the sort of production schedule they will follow in the next year.

Certainly events of the past twenty-five years should discourage socialists who believe in a government-directed revloution. This means emphasizing primarily economic action, educating for responsibility and function in a socialist society. Political action will certainly be necessary, but only because a socialist government will provide more favorable conditions in which the economic revolution can be effected The establishment of a socialist commonwealth, then, must be effected primarily by the revolutionary action of workers in their productive units, with political action by a democratically-controlled revolutionary socialist party as a necessary, but secondary, activity.

Don Calhoun:

Non-Violence and Revolution

TRADITIONAL radical thought has dismissed pacifism as either reactionary, or sentimental, or both. The revolutionary violentist, like the reactionary violentist, has prided himself upon being hardboiled and realistic. The purpose of this article is to challenge this assumption.

For purpose of discussion we may assume agreement on the class structure of the social order, the reality of the class struggle, and the need for a fundamental replacement of capitalist class society. We may agree with all those who argue on both political and economic grounds that the abolition of capitalism must be sudden rather than gradual. We may grant that under these conditions the capitalists are unlikely to consent to expropriation. *We may assume that the end of capitalism will follow, or bring about, a revolutionary situation.* We are therefore concerned primarily, not with the general *process,* but with the specific *method* of revolution.

This article will ask and attempt to answer four fundamental questions. Some of the discussion will cover old ground, but at least part of the territory is pretty new. These questions and the answers will suggest that radical revolutionary socialism should and must reject *both* romantic violentism and sentimental non-resistance, and begin to develop instead positive, aggressive but at the same time nonviolent revolutionary methods.

(1) *Is revolutionary violence likely to be effective in overthrowing the old order?* The invention of gunpowder, we are told by historians, democratized warfare. The advantages in defense and offense held by the feudal lord by virtue of impregnable castles and armored knights disappeared with the invention of explosives which unseated the armored warrior and blew up his castles. Gunpowder brought the common man, or at least the bourgeois, into his own.

But it has become increasingly evident that this democratization of warfare has in turn been reversed by technological devolopments in the twentieth century. Perhaps the turning point was the invention of the automobile (precursor of the armored tank), perhaps that of the airplane. Now we live again in a world where the effective weapons of violence are monopolized by a few. (The atomic bomb is, of course, the climax.) It is a world where Germans or British may "pacify" and keep in hand subject peoples by the simple expedient of depriving them of aircraft and assigning a very few bombing planes to keep order. It is a world where, as was recently shown in Greece, a few tanks are better than many men. It is the world described by the Dutch anarchist and pacifist DeLigt in these words: "The scientific means of destruction are in the hands of well-paid experts—who for the most part are profoundly reactionary—and . . . the working-classes have at their disposal neither aeroplanes nor poison gas nor death rays nor bacteria. All this is the monopoly of a group of professionals, devoid of all scruples and all sense of human responsibility."

This means, in short, that the only role violence can play is reactionary. The technological development of warfare has seen to that.

Not only is the hope of revolutionary violence technologically futile, but preparation for armed violence leads revolutionists to take measures which actually buttress the status quo.

The recent ambiguous position of the Cannonites on peacetime conscription was based largely on the notion that there is such a thing as a workers' army and that conscription would be all right if it could be turned to such a purpose. DeLigt comments on the Dutch Communists who before the Russian Revolution had refused, for revolutionary reasons, to serve in the army, but afterwards encour-

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aged Dutch mothers to send their sons into the bourgeois barracks so that they "might learn murder professionally, against the coming of the Communist Revolution." I think it is the same type of reasoning which leads a large number of anti-war left-wingers (particularly Trotskyists) to accept the draft rather than opposing it, because of the hope that somehow they may thereby serve revolutionary purposes.

Mme. Henrietta Roland Horst, formerly a revolutionary violentist, wrote after experiencing the 1905 and 1917 revolutions in Russia and the 1934 Austrian Socialist attack on Fascism: "Modern armaments have reduced the armed revolts of the masses to absurdity, and they are doomed to become a vulgar copy of the system they are attacking." DeLigt calls "the traditional belief in horizontal and vertical violence . . . nothing but a kind of moral enslavement to the . . . bourgeoisie . . . who . . , has spread the romantic ideology of violence right down to the lowest strata of the lower middle classes and proletariat."

(2) *Is revolutionary violence likely to result in a revolutionary society?* "What shall it profit a revolutionary movement if it gain the whole world and lose its own soul?" Pacifists have insisted that the means determine the end; violentists have said that the end justifies the means. Both statements are good slogans, but it seems to me that neither is entirely satisfactory. It would be better to say that *the means and the end condition one another.* The problem in a real, and therefore imperfect, world is: how far can we compromise our means without so compromising our ends that they are no longer really *our* ends?

Violence is peculiarly the weapon of an unsure minority. Because it uses *technological* power against *manpower*, by nature it is at best inherently undemocratic and amoral. When socially-organized violence is used and justified, we are pretty safe in assuming that the group using it is at that time a minority. This fact may not seem so important to *us* when the overthrow of capitalism—on which we agree —is involved (although it may be important to those who aren't convinced of our version of historical inevitability). But it becomes serious for all of us *after* the revolution.

This does not deny that bourgeois "democracy" is largely illusory, as the Bolsheviks have insisted. Of course it is. Neither does it dodge the fact that non-violent compulsion, as well as violence, can be the weapon of a minority. But it does raise two important questions. First, does a majority (the revolutionary elite *plus* the masses) *need* violence? For example, in order for "workers' militia" to be effective with the tanks and airplanes in the hands of the capitalist army, it would be necessary first to at least partially demobilize the army through desertion and second to immobilize it by taking over transport and communications. *But if mass support were strong enough to do this, would not "workers' militia" be superfluous?*

Second, can a minority give up dictatorship? Is it reasonable to expect a revolutionary minority to be responsive to the will of the masses *after* it has seized power if the masses have not been the chief instrument in planning and effecting seizure of power? The theory of revolutionary violence is based on the assumption that the revolutionary elite is a minority, using its power for the "good" of the proletariat and the middle classes. The vanguard of the proletariat uses the violent machinery of the state to crush the "capitalists," meaning not primarily the capitalists themselves but a large minority (or majority) of working- and middle-class people who have not yet been won over. The capitalist "minority," in the sense of the actual beneficiaries of the capitalist state, has in itself neither the military nor the economic power for counter-revolution.

Violence, once begun, tends to be *contracting* instead of *expansive.* The process of liquidating counter-revolution results in an increasing and narrowing purity of doctrine: first the bourgeoisie are liquidated, then Mensheviks, Trotskyists, and finally dissenting Stalinists; lords and priests, kulaks, and finally proletarians. The tendency grows in part out of the desire for power, which can perhaps theoretically be curbed; but it is also a logical outcome of an entirely conscientious policy of exterminating counter-revolution. Once granted the assumption that anything goes in fighting it, the definition of counter-revolution logically tends to broaden, until a disagreement on the effectiveness of types of fertilizer becomes sufficient cause for liquidation. The contraction due to the urge for power may be the fault of bad *men;* but the contraction which grows out of this broadening definition of counter-revolution is a product of the system of revolutionary violence itself.

This is of course denied by orthodox revolutionists. The Trotskyists argue that the degeneration of Bolshevism into Stalinism was due to peculiar historical conditions in Russia and not to tendencies inherent in Bolshevism. Where (as perhaps in the United States) there is such potential economic abundance that mass support for socialism would be immediately forthcoming, they suggest that even such initial repression as restriction on the counter-revolutionary press might be dispensed with. What they are really saying, it seems to me, is that *only under such conditions of mass support as would render violence superfluous can increasing repression and bureaucracy be avoided.*

In "Their Morals and Ours," Trotsky notes Victor Serge's contention that the degeneration of the Russian Revolution into Stalinism began when the Cheka first began to hold secret trials. Trotsky's reply is, in effect, "But how else can you run a revolution?" *It is important, however, that he gives no direct answer to Serge's charge.* There is no denial on its merits of the claim that revolutionary violence and terrorism *logically* and *historically* led to Stalinism. "But how else can you run a revolution?" The answer, it seems to me, must first of all be: "Why a revolution at all if the violence you must use defeats your ends in advance?"

At one point Trotsky said, "Seeds of wheat must be sown in order to yield an ear of wheat." What does this mean? All it could mean to him was, tautologically, that those means which produce results, produce results. From the pacifist standpoint, however, it becomes more than tautological: the means employed must be *similar* to the ends sought. I think the answer to our problem must be: A revolutionary minority looking for a violent short-cut to the new society will by that violence destroy the possibility of that society. As Simone Weil said, "Revolutionary war is the grave of revolution." Only the revolution of the mass majority can build a new world, and such a mass revolution can neither afford violence, nor will it need it.

(3) *Can the use of the means of violence be justified by*

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the end? The greatest weakness in revolutionary discussion of ends and means is the assumption that ends always exist in the *future* while means exist in the *present*. For where human personalities are concerned, both ends and means exist here and now, because human beings, whatever else they may be, are *always* ends. Certain economists have held that where material goods are concerned, there is a human tendency to *under*estimate future goods and *over*estimate present goods. It is important to reflect, by contrast, that the apocalyptic faiths (Christianity, Marxism, etc.) have tended to *over*estimate future values and *under*estimate present ones. (By apocalyptic, I simply mean other-worldly in terms of space, as Christianity, or other-worldly in terms of time, as Marxism).

In "Their Morals and Ours," which is referred to in the foreword as the first, and presumably the authoritative Marxist treatise on ends and means, Trotsky betrays this fundamental weakness in the Marxist revolutionary approach. Discussing Herbert Spencer, he says, "Sensations impose the criterion of immediate pleasure, whereas ideas permit one to be guided by the criterion of *future, lasting, and higher pleasure.*" Quite true. But nowhere in the treatise does he suggest that ends can also validly exist in the *present*. Nowhere is there any recognition that what happens to a human being now may be as important as what happens to one a hundred years hence.

Therefore to this revolutionary violentist, the death of a human being today is treated entirely as a *means* to the better society. But how can we weigh present *killing* against future social good? Dostoievsky, I believe, presents the extreme but nevertheless ideal-typical case. Suppose that we knew that to attain the Kingdom of God (the New Jerusalem, or the state of ideal communism) it was necessary to deliberately sacrifice the life of one infant. Would we do it?

Here, I say, is where revolutionary violentism has completely fallen down in its system of values. For this is not a question of the value (or potential value) to *society* of the life that is to be sacrificed. The question is one of the value *to society* to be realized by the death of the individual, on the one hand, versus the value of that life *to the individual,* on the other.

And between these two, there is no possible basis for comparison, for the very simple reason that human life is, so far as we can give existence any meaning, the *end* of existence. Societies and institutions (even ideal ones) have no feeling or enjoyment of life—only individuals have that. Individuals, *present* as well as *future,* are flesh and blood; no society, even the ideal society, is. We can compare the effectiveness of various *means* of attaining life and self-expression for individuals, but we cannot weigh these *means* against the *end* itself.

Therefore, in our calculation of ends and means, the only solution is to give the individual human life the value *Infinity,* which means: *One cannot take a human life without consent for the sake of probable future saving or amelioration of life.*

At the risk of hair-splitting, I think we had better follow this to its conclusion. Whether it be five minutes or five centuries, events may intervene between the present and the future so as to frustrate the good result expected from killing; or, if the killing is not performed, to achieve the same good result without it. All the future is only probable, but *present death, once inflicted, is, unlike taxes, final and irreversible.*

At this point a reference to the workings of the "revolutionary mind" on this question is perhaps necessary. Quite understandably, revolutionists have pointed to the hypocrisy of bourgeois "freedom" and "morality," and by showing that freedom is non-existent and the value of life illusory under capitalism, have tried to rationalize violence and disregard for human life by showing the hypocrisy of the bourgeois attitude toward them. Thus Trotsky castigates the "classes which consider themselves 'Christian,' patronize idealist philosophy, and are firmly convinced that the individuality (their own) is an end-in-itself. As for us, we were never concerned with the Kantian-priestly and vegetarian-Quaker prattle about the 'sacredness of human life' . . . If human life in general is sacred and inviolable, we must deny ourselves not only the use of Terror, not only war, but also revolution itself."

Magnificent polemics—but not argument. For if human life is not an end-in-itself, what is? I think that Ivanov in *Darkness at Noon* was entirely right when he said that there are only two possible ethics in this world: the ethics of Machiavelli (I should prefer to say of the opportunists) and the ethics of Jesus (I should prefer to say the ethics of all prophets). And in the ethics of Machiavelli and the opportunists (of the violent revolutionists and all those who justify the means of violence by the end) I think that ultimately life, and the Revolution, have no meaning at all.

(4) *Is there any alternative to violence as a revolutionary technique?* What keeps the idea of violence alive among revolutionists is not, I think, so much hope as despair. They grant at least a great deal of truth to the contention that in the game of violence the bourgeoisie in a technological age has the upper hand. They recognize at least a strong possibility that revolutionary violence will lead to a repressive rather than a free society. Why then are they willing to continue their faith in violence when the odds against its success are so heavy?

I cannot help thinking that a large part of it is simply lack of imagination. Suggest to the traditional patriot that violent warfare is a questionable way of achieving social results, and his reply will come with almost the speed of a reflex, "What are you going to do—let a Jap rape your grandmother?" Suggest to the traditional left-winger that violent revolution may not be the way to the good society, and you will get the same answer, the same reflex action, with only the word "capitalist" substituted.

The tradition of violence has become so imbedded in bourgeois culture that even to a revolutionist there are only two apparent alternatives—violent warfare or capitulation. The existence of methods of persuasion and compulsion which are non-violent and at the same time aggressive and effective never seems to occur to him.

Revolutionists, whether or not convinced of the futility or immorality of violence, have no excuse for failure to be acquainted with such indispensables in the extensive literature of revolutionary non-violence as Krishnalal Shridharani's *War Without Violence,* in which he describes the theory and practice of Indian non-violent resistance against

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the British; Richard B. Gregg's *The Power of Non-Violence,* which deals chiefly with the psychological aspects; Bart. DeLigt's *The Conquest of Violence,* written from the standpoint of pacifist anarchism; A. J. Muste's *Non-Violence in an Aggressive World;* and Dr. Jessie Wallace Hughan's pamphlet, *Pacifism and Invasion.*

At heart non-violent techniques go back to the fact that all oppressive regimes exist primarily by virtue of consent and cooperation of those ruled, and only secondarily by virtue of violence. Violence on the part of the ruling class can be effective only when coupled with a considerable degre of cooperation by the ruled. When that cooperation is refused, violence, while it may still cause destruction and loss of life, is impotent to prevent the collapse of the old regime or the establishment of a new. The principle involved has been stated by Alexander Berkman, "The struggle of labor is not on the field of battle. It is in the shop, in the mine and factory. There lies its power that no army in the world can defeat, no human agency conquer . . . You can shoot people to death but you can't shoot them to work."

Were the notion of the necessity of violence not so inbred, revolutionists could see in Western society many examples of the effectiveness of revolutionary non-violence. "Gallicus" in a recent article in POLITICS described revolutionary activity in Nazi-occupied countries before and during "liberation"; while there was violence here, too, it was secondary to the simple fact that no oppressive power can police an entire people who are determined not to cooperate with or work for an oppressor.

Other examples which will suggest more detailed historical research into effective non-violent resistance are: the resistance of the Germans to Allied occupation in the Ruhr and the Palatinate in 1923 (Villard said "if the leaders of the German Republic had refused to sign the Treaty of Versailles . . . and had invited the Allies and the United States to march their armies in and occupy the country, the Treaty of Versailles would never have taken effect"); the overthrow of the Kapp military putsch in Berlin in 1920 by a non-violent general strike; the British general strike in 1926, which most historians agree could have overthrown capitalism in Britain if it had not been sold out by British labor leaders; the March-on-Washington movement among American Negroes, which is pledged to aggressive but non-violent action, and the activity of CORE (Committee of Racial Equality) in non-violent direct action against racial discriminaton.

The most deliberate program of training and activity in positive revolutionary non-violence has been in India, but there seems little ground for the oftentimes easy assumption that it is peculiarly adapted to an Oriental temperament. Groups as far from the Hindu traditions of passivity as the warlike Sikhs and Parthans of northern India have been successful in Satyagraha (non-violent direct action). Nehru, a socialist but not a pacifist himself, has pointed out that the Satyagraha campaign has been not "a negative, passive affair" but "an active, energizing drive."

Shridharani makes clear the distinction between violence and compulsion; Satyagraha techniques embody *compulsion,* but not *violence.* Satyagraha, according to him, is compulsion on a non-physical plane. It "must and does exclude injury to the physical being of the opponent. It also must and does leave unscathed the primary necessities of the opponent's life." The general pattern of Satyagraha, or Gandhian non-violence, as outlined by Shridharani, suggests its applicability to revolutionary situations: (1) negotiations and arbitration, (2) agitation, (3) demonstrations and the ultimatum, (4) self-purification, (5) strike and general strike, (6) picketing, (7) sit-down strike, (8) economic boycott, (9) non-payment of taxes, (10) non-cooperation, (11) civil disobedience, (12) assertive Satyagraha, (13) parallel government. While not all these stages are self-explanatory, it should be clear that this sort of organized non-violence is far removed from passive acquiescence.

An avowedly non-violent revolutionary organization would probably prepare, as do the violentists, on three levels: economic, through revolutionary industrial unionism prepared to use the strike and other measures to implement the revolution; political, through a revolutionary party; military, but only through infiltration of revolutionary *ideology* into the army, not infiltration of *personnel* or military preparation by the revolutionary party (whose members would always refuse military service).

The crisis, where parliamentary processes were operating, would probably come through seizure of power by means of the ballot and the establishment of a socialist government. Where parliamentary processes were not operating, the existing regime would be overthrown through a general strike and other non-violent means of non-cooperation. Muste points out that "in the early stages the transfer of power is likely to be almost bloodless . . . The new regime does not so much seize power in a climactic struggle as pick up power which has fallen from the nerveless hands of former rulers."

At this stage the violentist would expect the capitalists to retaliate, and would bring in his "workers' militia" to defend the revolution. A non-violent revolution would employ many of the methods by which the violentist would supplement and facilitate the militia, but without using armed troops. The most important aspect would be re-

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fusal to operate transportation and communications except in the service of the revolution. Sit-downs and walkouts in other industries would supplement this refusal. Key workers in the operation of crucial industries would leave the job and, if necessary, "disappear." Propaganda would have prepared an effective portion of the armed forces, including people in key spots, to refuse support of the old regime against the new government. Capitalist hirelings would be urged verbally and by pamphlet to join the revolution.

Counter-revolution would thus be disorganized and decentralized while the workers would keep the revolutionary forces coordinated by operating communications, transportation, and basic industries only in behalf of the revolution. Foreign intervention, granted that it could secure and maintain support at home under such conditions, would be met with the same tactics of revolutionary propaganda, general strike and total non-cooperation—a "scorched earth" policy without the actual scorching.

But the masses can never be brought to accept non-violence? I know of no better reply than Muste's: "The workers aren't born Marxist-Leninists either." Experience, particularly in those provinces of India where every town has a trained "Gandhi-worker," seems to indicate that where revolutionary non-violence is not mere negation but a positive technique practiced and trained for, it is psychologically as acceptable and satisfying to the average person as is violence. It involves drama and danger, self-discipline and self-sacrifice, in fact practically all the ingredients which make violence emotionally satisfying. Of course the only way for revolutionists to really find out whether the masses will accept it is to themselves reject violence along with its reactionary twin capitalism, and try and see.

Many violentists are convinced of the absurdity of non-violence because to them violence is self-evidently the only way to break the will of the opponent. Experience demonstrates, however, that often nothing breaks the will of people hired to do violence quite so quickly as having to fight people who neither retaliate nor flee (the fact that trained non-violentists neither fight *nor* run is crucial). Shridharani relates a striking case: "In order to suppress the Satyagraha operation in the Frontier Province (Northwest India), a regiment of Garhwalis from the mountains of the United Provinces near the Himalayas was ordered by the government to fire on a mass meeting. The soldiers disobeyed the order and refused to open fire. *Consequently the entire regiment was court-martialed. Some were sentenced to imprisonment varying from ten to fourteen years* (italics mine)." Gregg calls this demoralization through non-violent resistance "moral jiu-jitsu," and the phenomenon perhaps gives a new and different implication to the Trotskyite dictum that "armies in combat are always more or less symmetrical; were there nothing in common in their methods of struggle they could not inflict blows on each other."

It is interesting that Shridharani advocates revolutionary non-violence not for moral reasons at all but on the ground that "its priority depends upon its higher efficiency; its claim to superiority over war and violence is based on certain of its contributions which happen to be desperately sought by the majority of civilized human beings at the present time." This timeliness seems to be due to two factors: (1) the mechanization of the instruments of violence, which has given the reactionaries a monopoly which the masses cannot hope to break; (2) the increased interdependence of the capitalist system, which makes it increasingly vulnerable to collapse when organized non-cooperation removes even a few key pins.

With the coming of the atomic bomb, man has apparently reached the point where violence may literally wipe out the planet and the race. Moreover, atomic energy is as costly as it is destructive, and there is no reason to believe that the masses, even should they wish to let loose such destruction in the name of revolutionary progress, will be able to get hold of it. Before the release of this new weapon, perhaps the worst that could be said of revolutionary violentists was that they were still tilting with lances in the King Arthur's Court of revolutionary technique. Now the dictum that capitalism is the primary evil and violence only secondary becomes preposterous. There is grave reason to wonder whether, no matter what social revolutionists do, the exploiters of the world will be able to stop short of reducing civilization to a few clouds of stardust. But if those who would not only preserve but better humanity continue *their* faith in the arbitrament of violence, there can hardly be any hope at all.

James Peck:

A Note on Direct Action

AS an example of "the direct action on the job for which the IWW is famous," the pamphlet, *One Big Union*, recalls that in the West Coast lumber industry "members established the 8-hour day by blowing their own whistle at the end of 8 hours and quitting." And war objectors at Federal Correctional Institution Danbury found that direct action is the only language the authorities understand.

The standard procedure of prison officials in handling inmate grievances is the interview slip system. If an inmate has a grievance he is urged to write it down on an interview slip and send it to the warden, the doctor, the mail censor or whoever is the proper official in the case. In most instances these interview slips are ignored. The inmate does not get the interview he requested and gives up in disgust. If an inmate is persistent he may succeed in getting an interview—but that is all. His grievance usually remains unsettled and his request is put off.

For example if, as often happens, an inmate asks for a change of job he is told he will get it at a later date. If he is persistent he may eventually get the change. But more often he will have to strike and be put in the hole before he gets his job transfer. Only bootlickers and inmates who, on the outside, belong to the boss class, get what they want through the interview slip system.

Most successful direct action of war objectors in Danbury was the four-and-a-half month strike in 1943 which ended jimcrow seating in the prison mess hall. Previous

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to the strike, our elected committee had been so persistent with interview slips that the warden saw he could not ignore the situation. So he granted a couple of interviews in which he said he intended eventually to end the jimcrow seating but that it might take months or even years to do so, since such things cannot be done all at once. The warden's refusal to commit himself to a date for ending the jimcrow seating, set off the strike on August 11. On Christmas eve he announced that the jimcrow seating would be abolished February 1. So the strike ended successfully. But the warden, like any private boss, would not admit that the stoppage did the trick. He told visitors that the strike had nothing to do with the ending of jimcrow seating: in fact it retarded it, since he had intended to act even earlier had the strike not tied his hands.

Direct action also brought results in improving the food. A number of letters, interview slips and even petitions were sent in from time to time complaining about the grub. Individual letters and interview slips brought no results. Petitions, if they contained sufficient signatures, resulted in slight improvements lasting only for a short time. Finally it was decided to take direct action against the dish which, to the majority of the inmates, was most objectionable. This was scrapple, a doughy mass of cornmeal, fat and other remnants, which sometimes even contained hairs. The inmates decided that next time scrapple appeared on the supper menu, everybody would refuse to take it. So when that day came, the slogan "scrap the scrapple" went all around the prison. And come supper all but about 30 of the 600 inmates passed it up. That was the last time scrapple appeared on the menu until about 8 months later when the authorities probably thought that all had been forgotten. But the inmates remembered and boycotted it just as they had done 8 months previous. No further attempt was made to put scrapple back on the menu. Shortly after the first scrapple boycott the inmates successfully used the same tactic to force removal from the menu of another objectionable dish: macaroni mixed with meatless pieces of bone.

In settling smaller issues direct action was also successful: An effective demonstration was the striking war objectors' sitdown to get longer yard period—specifically to get 1 hour and a half yard period on Saturdays and Sundays as we did on weekdays. Prevailing yard period on Saturdays and Sundays was 20 minutes—while the rest of the inmates were at supper. So one Saturday we 13 strikers decided we would refuse to come in at the end of 20 minutes. We would stay out 1 hour and a half, after which we would go in each saying to the guard on duty: "We have had our hour-and-a-half yard period." The demonstration came off as planned and the authorities' bungling of the situation dramatized it out of all proportion.

At the end of 20 minutes our elected spokesman told the guard we were refusing to go in and why. Dumbfounded at inmates refusing to obey an order, the guard hastened to the lieutenant. Meanwhile the inmates were filing out of the mess hall. Guards were immediately stationed to block off the section of the yard where we were staging the sitdown. This aroused the inmates' curiosity and a large crowd gathered. At this point the authorities got panicky. Acting as in the case of a break or riot, they ordered all inmates back to their quarters. Guards blew whistles and rushed around trying to clear the yard. Some of the inmates, not knowing what was up, were reluctant to go in. For 10 minutes it was a madhouse. Finally the yard was cleared with only us 13 sitdowners left outside. A little later when the authorities regained their composure, they let the inmates out again. At the end of an hour and a half we went in, as agreed. The whole inmate body was talking about the demonstration.

For this sitdown we were penalized by losing yard period completely for several days. We were out again, though, by the following Saturday and conducted a repeat performance. The second time, however, it was less dramatic because the authorities did not lose their heads. Again we were penalized several days' yard period. We did not win our point, but we certainly focused attention on the problem of adequate yard period for men kept in the lockup 24 hours daily.

The problem of yard period for strikers was again dramatized last Christmas. Two of the strikers decided that at least for Christmas day they should be out with the regular inmate body. So when the guard opened the door to bring in the breakfast buckets, the 2 men just walked out and started visiting their friends in various parts of the prison. But before long some guards seized them, carried them back to segregation quarters and put them in solitary for 4 days. Acting in sympathy with these 2, two other strikers next day refused to come in at the end of yard period. Like the first 2 they were carried in by guards and put in solitary for 4 days. These carryings got the inmates saying: "Shall I walk or take a hack?" Hack is the general term used for the guards.

In prison, as under any dictatorial setup, the slowdown is a tactic used extensively. When the warden tried early in 1943 to institute a 7-day work week in prison industry, so little work was done on the first Sunday that the plan was dropped. Industry is the only paid job in Danbury—if 7½c to 12½c an hour can be called pay. Speedup pep talks are given daily but with little effect. The industry toilet became so frequented that the prison built a glass partition enabling the boss to look in from the shop.

The hunger strike is another direct action tactic used in prison. It was at Danbury that Stan Murphy and Lew Taylor conducted their 84-day hunger strike in protest against CO imprisonment, which was the most dramatic CO demonstration in this war. Brief hunger strikes involving a number of men were called in sympathy with Murphy and Taylor, for improved living conditions and in protest over the prison director's order removing good time for time on strike. A successful hunger strike against censorship was conducted at Lewisburg.

There are doubtless many other techniques of direct action in jail with still new variations to be developed. And it is only by direct action that prisoners or people under any dictatorial setup can win improved conditions.

THE LITERARY LIFE

This department isn't one to go around disillusioning people about the divine origins of authorship, but right in the current issue of Good Housekeeping Magazine is a curious note on the beginnings of "Walterson," by Booth Tarkington, a two-part story now running there, which probably will turn up later as a book. Let students in the novelwriting courses gather closer and listen to the Good Housekeeping editors:

When the idea for the story occurred to us, we discussed it among ourselves, then drew up a brief outline. This done, we had to choose a potential author, and Mr. Tarkington was unanimously agreed upon. Then, in pursuance of publishing protocol, we communicated with Mr. Tarkington's literary agent and laid the outline before him. He agreed it might be an ideal topic for his client, with whom he thereupon communicated. Mr. Tarkington himself liked the idea, subject to modifications, and prepared an outline of his own. Then, via correspondence, he and we agreed upon a final version.

—"N. Y. Times" book section, October 21, 1945.

THE AMERICAN WAY

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7—James M. Curley, who was elected Mayor of Boston yesterday for his fourth term, will be brought to trial here in two weeks on charges of mail fraud. . . .

—"N. Y. Times", November 8, 1945.

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The Soldier Reports

Karachi, India

I've been reading the Indian press, which is comparable to the early leftwing press in the U. S. The political articles are long and full of cliches about the working-class, imperialism, etc. Right now they are mainly concerned with the forthcoming elections, which will undoubtedly be a thumping victory for the Congress Party. Jinnah and his Moslem League practice hooligan tactics against the many other Moslem groups who adhere to the Congress or buck him independently. In Sind province, one of the Moslem strongholds, he has a split in his organization. . . .

I think there will be a fullblown political crisis in the country very shortly. The Congress Party will win the elections and then raise the QUIT INDIA! slogan again. The vast bulk of the Moslems will join with them against the British as they did in August, 1942.

The other big news item here is the Indian National Army, which Subhas Bose organized to fight the British under Japanese auspices. Most of Bose's "Forward Bloc" has rejoined the Congress Party, and their movement is supported by the great majority of Indians. Moslem and Hindu organizations alike have held protest meetings demanding that the members of the Indian National Army be treated as prisoners of war and insisting that they were real patriots in the fight for a Free India. I honestly believe that had Bose's Army invaded India, in the wake of the Japanese troops, they would have been welcomed by the Indian people.

Okinawa

The Military Government "team" in charge here had been trained for Formosa, but when military necessity caused Okinawa to be captured first, the Formosa "team" was shipped here. Consequently, no one speaks the local language, Loochian. Japanese is spoken here too, of course, but since Japan conquered Okinawa not so long ago, many inhabitants still speak only Loochian.

The irrigation system, on which all agriculture depended, has been destroyed, and every day the rains are washing the fertile topsoil into the sea. The island's agriculture is thus destroyed, perhaps permanently. All except two or three villages used as concentration camps for the Okinawans have been destroyed by our troops. The natives have been crowded into tiny quarters and are filthy and hungry.

The day *after* surrender was proclaimed, a new non-fraternization order was issued, with new threats.

The Military Government policy seems to be based on two principles. (1) We come as conquerors, and so can rearrange, destroy, imprison, and starve to suit our military needs; and we are accountable to no one. (2) These people are racially inferior and culturally barbaric, hence they should be thankful we have released them from "Jap tyranny."

Our name for the inhabitants is "Gook" (note the resemblance to "Coon"). Every one, soldiers and officers, uses it. When I objected to its use, in talking with a group of fellows, they were astonished; they didn't know one could call the natives anything else. There is no worse insult than to call a fellow a Gook.

Naples, Italy

After a delay of several days at the Staging Area, we left for the Port of Embarkation late one afternoon; by evening we were all loaded on the ship and weighed anchor. Four thousand of us were Italian prisoners of war, former members of Italian Service Units; 27 of us were American officers and interpreters escorting the Italians who were being repatriated.

Although the trip was interesting, there's only one aspect of it I want to dwell upon. Some of the more enterprising of us interpreters had learned about business conditions in Naples, where we were expecting to land, and had made appropriate preparations. One man, in particular—himself Italian born—had brought no less than three extra barracks bags full of cigarettes, soap, chocolates, cigarette-lighter flints, sulfa capsules and anything else he considered saleable. Several others had brought along similar goods but in smaller quantities. Perhaps a half dozen of us had brought nothing.

It was interesting to see the change that occurred during the trip. At first there was some criticism of those who were acting in so shameful a fashion. Gradually this ceased and so far as I could determine I was the only one who arrived in Italy without "merchandise" for barter or sale.

In part this was due to discussions with crew members, as well as the army officer assigned to the ship. They discussed freely what goods could most easily be sneaked ashore and how, the barter value of cigarettes and chocolate and so forth. We even learned how many packs of cigarettes it would be necessary to spend for a woman to sleep with—although we were warned away from them.

We were told, too, that it was hard to sneak goods ashore; we would be inspected as we left the ship and if the MP's caught any of us in town selling things, or buying with American money, we'd be subject to court-martial and severe punishment. We were to exchange our dollars for lire on board ship at the legal rate of exchange of 100 to the dollar; black market rates ashore would be 200-300 to the dollar. These threats of dire punishment seemed to frighten few. The ship's store was open daily and did a thriving business in cigarettes (55c a carton) and chocolate bars (40c a dozen) with no restrictions on the quantity purchased. Men would buy 10 cartons of cigarettes at a time, no questions asked.

Since the Italians on board were not permitted to make purchases at the ship's store, a handful of us bought a few cigarettes and candies for some of them. The majority of the Americans attacked us on moral grounds: the Italians weren't supposed to be buying from the store and if the officers in charge knew what was happening we'd be put in the brig! Their chief concern was the fact that we ruined their incipient black market on the ship; they were already selling cigarettes to the Italians at a couple of dollars a carton.

At length we reached Naples, and disembarked. Despite the warnings of an inspection everybody filled his pockets and socks and shirt and jacket sleeves with merchandise—chiefly cigarettes—before going ashore. And of course there was no inspection.

It was a long walk through the fenced-in military port area. No sooner did we come out of the gate than we were besieged by a host of boys anywhere from eight to fourteen years old. No—they weren't beggars; they were the advance guard of the black market—or worse. The first ones said in English: "Got cigarettes? Wanna sell cigarettes?" The men with me were somewhat embarrassed. They'd come well stocked, but hadn't expected things to

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be so open and easy. After the first surprise, though, they recovered and transacted their business. The price—universal in Naples as we found—was 2000 lire a carton or $20; not a bad price for an investment of 55c.!

Of course the joker was this, that all the lire thus obtained had to be spent; the ship would not redeem lire with dollars in excess of the amount taken from the ship's office. And the price of most merchandise was extremely high, the quality extremely low. Some of the men with me, for example, bought rings for a pack of cigarettes each and felt that they had gotten bargains. Now, after two weeks, the rings are becoming rusty. I'm not sure who got the best of that bargain.

But there were other little boys on the street with another kind of offer. They would suggest: "F - - k? Wanna f - - k my sister?" "Shack up?" (i.e. spend the whole night with a woman?) "Blow job?" "Wanna visit my mother?" Not only were the children out pimping for their families but the women themselves were on the streets really frightful, loathsome creatures, largely. Even the men who'd been greedily discussing the women they were going to find and what they were going to do, lost their appetite. The one man of our group who actually got to a house somewhere lost all desire when on the verge of joining a woman in bed, due to an incident I don't care to describe.

We only spent an afternoon and evening in Naples and our evening hours were spent at the San Carlo Opera House, which has been reopened under the auspices of the British Army which completely runs the city. In consequence, my impressions of Naples are decidedly nightmarish. I seem to remembler little but the small boys paying out thousands of lire from huge rolls of bills in their pockets and offering all of their female relations as prostitutes.

What was the reaction of the other Americans to all this? With one exception (besides myself) just this: "Aren't the Italian people low? degenerate? despicable? worthless?" There was a complete unwillingness to recognize the responsibility of the occupying armies who are maintaining these conditions by their presence and a complete lack of sympathy for the Italian people.

Tragedy In Trieste

Sailors are crooks. They are, however, not much more crooked than bartenders or used-car salesmen and they are certainly entitled—considering their miserable conditions, unnatural lives, and the profits of their employers—to the few dollars they can pick up on ship's gear, cigarettes, bedsheets, and cargo oddments. Not at all paradoxically, they also have earned the reputation of being one of the most militant and best-informed sections of the American labor movement.

My last ship was a freighter carrying a cargo of UNRRA food and clothing to Jugoslavia. It was amusing, if you like, to watch the lively business transactions at various Italian ports between the sailors, dangling cigarette cartons and old shoes over the side of the ship and the swarms of black marketeers bobbing about in their bumboats and waving fistfuls of paper money.

"You speak, Joe, how much?"

ing to get ten dollars for an empty Chesterfield carton filled with sand; until someone, either infuriated because he had been unfairly dealt with, or else acting on orders from the Captain, who was afraid that the ship would be sold from under his feet, would turn the fire hose on the little boats and drench the ragged men (after all, it was still warm and sunny and they could dry off and bail out and row over to another ship).

But it was not amusing, when we arrived at Trieste and began to unload, to see the men, and officers, breaking into the holds and stealing UNRRA food and relief supplies. In order to get ashore, you had to cross a long railroad bridge, at one end of which was a guardhouse with an American MP, an English MP, and an Italian Civil Policeman (trained by AMG). At the other end of the bridge was the black market crowd, equipped with shopping bags, briefcases, and Made In U. S. thousand-lire notes. It didn't take the boys long to find out that, although they couldn't carry parcels past the guards, they could walk by with canned goods stuffed around their middles. It didn't take them long either to discover that their bargaining power was enhanced because for some items the girls in the whorehouses in town would offer more than the people at the end of the bridge.

The black marketers were ordinary people. They represented the kind of cross-section that you'd get if you emptied out a subway train, and they too had the craft of the average man. They learned very quickly how to examine the sardine tins to see if they were packed in mustard or soy bean oil, because Italians are partial to olive oil, and anything else brings a lower price. They learned how to slit the corners of cigarette cartons to make sure that they weren't being gyped, and they knew how to conceal the fact that in Italy today an old work shoe brings a better price than a new dress shoe. Their attitude was compounded of respect and mockery. The attitude of the American towards them was simply one of contempt.

As the days passed and the sailors' pent-up desires were satisfied, they became restless and spent more and more of their time in devising schemes to smuggle goods ashore. Some made as many as six or eight trips a day past the guards; the bolder ones began carrying packages on their backs, like peddlers, and bribing the guards. Those who are interested in Italy's future as a democratic country might have learned something from watching the deadpan countenances of the Italian trainee policemen while the MP's were being "pieced off" with ten dollar bills and cartons of cigarettes.

It must be noted that everything was paid for in occupation paper, which is valueless in the United States (and nearly so in Italy). Since there is little to buy in Italy except girls, wine, and fake cameos, the sailors found that their pockets were stuffed with money which they had to get rid of. So they spent more and then they stole more, and then they spent more and stole more. By and large, these men were good shipmates and good union men, devoted to their families back home and willing to help out a pal, while they were selling food desperately needed a few hundred miles away. I must also add that those few who did not go into business, whether because of timidity or unexpressed scruples, were as deeply involved as the rest, simply because in order to go about they had to borrow money, money which they were bound to pay back eventually in American dollars. Thus they insured, sometimes at a discount, the lire which the active men accepted for their pilfered goods.

And so every evening there were the little clots of men and boys on the steps of the bridge and at the edge of the curving road leading into Trieste, under the shadows of the bombed-out modernistic apartment houses, haggling,

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Perhaps it was even amusing to watch them cheating each other: the little entrepreneurs trying to buy everything at less than standard black market prices and the sailors try-arguing, cursing, passing money and food back and forth. In the fortnight that we were there, one sailor was stopped by the guards, returned to the ship, and placed in the custody of the Captain. Nothing was done to him.

(Meanwhile, the AMG court was in daily session at the other end of town, and the weary American lieutenant was doing his best to be fair to the endless line of petty thieves. English MP, clumping across the room in those incredible British boots: "I waited in a dark corner, sir, and seen the defendant pick up the sack of flour." Defendant, resigned: "I only picked it up to see how heavy it was." Judge, to interpreter: "Kindly use the formal *voi*, not *tu*, when addressing defendants." To defendant: "Five days in jail." After a few hours of this tedious comedy, court is adjourned, and the handful of Americans go off to eat at a restaurant where a decent lunch costs fifteen dollars . . .)

It is true but irrelevant that most of the Italians in Venezia Giulia hate and fear Tito and the Jugoslavs, and would just as soon take the bread out of their mouths. For conditions are a thousand times worse in Naples, where swarms of little boys are on the streets buying cigarettes and selling their older sisters. All of Italy, all of Europe is one vast black market. A man or boy who wants to keep his family going has to engage in activities which a few years ago were limited to the waterfront scum and the lumpenproletariat. One cannot speak of values here. The European needs no defense.

Furthermore I think that a case can be made for the Russian soldiers, who suddenly burst forth into a world filled with shiny wrist watches, bracelets, and girlish girls; and perhaps a case can be made even for the American soldiers. They saw their officers flying paint on priority from Italy to North Africa to brighten up their clubhouses while infantrymen were dying by the thousands, they saw their officers carousing with the Italian nobility, they sweated at converting their officers' personal planes into sumptuous aerial bordellos, and the only legal protest they could make was to cancel their war bonds. The Italians (or the French, or the Belgians) were a convenient scapegoat on which to focus their resentment. At these people they could hit back. Besides, they came of mixed backgrounds and had no tradition of labor and international fraternity comparable to that of the British Eighth Army.

But what is one to say of these merchant seamen, with their proud history of struggle not only for their own rights, but for the rights of the underdog on the waterfront, in Ethiopa, and in Spain? No, there was no one to set them an example. Everyone knew that if he didn't get his hands on some of that UNRRA cargo someone else, probably a big shot, would. Everyone knew that the GI's had been draining the crankcases of their jeeps and peddling the waste oil to the Italians as olive oil. Everyone knew that the Provost Marshall was an American type for whom it was impossible to have any respect, on any level. But where was their Union, where was their solidarity and their pride? What has happened to these good Americans, who have not yet lived through fascism, that they must steal from the hungry to buy things that they do not even need? What is our hope for the future, when militant workers will do this thing?

The Swiss watches that they bought with their European brothers' food will leave marks not only on their wrists.

HARVEY SWADOS

Commonnonsense

IN my modest opinion, I alone have a sound theory for the future. I would ask: neither for Democracy nor for this or that liberty; not for the Rights of Man (they were a failure), not for those of the Working Man (why leave out lazy men?), never for the Rights of the Common Man (Statesmen are the commonest of all), but for the Century of the Naked Man.

Man, in all walks of life, in all countries, should be allowed to enjoy the fundamental rights he has when he is totally stripped of clothes. A Naked Man may shiver or feel uncomfortable, but only because he is cold or he is ashamed of being seen naked: two perfectly good reasons. But NOT because he does not carry a certain piece of paper in his pocket; which is no reason at all. The only animal with pockets is the female Kangaroo, and her duplicates and triplicates she keeps in there are quite another type of document. But there is another advantage that only a naked man has: he can use magic, real magic such as one reads about in fairy tales. He can win his freedom without bloodshed. He needs no revolution, no utopia, no bombs, nothing, for he has magic. And with that magic he will rout once for all the worst policemen, immigration officials, consuls or heads of state, by simply asking them the question: Where shall I put your damn passport?

They would NEVER find the answer.

THIS makes me think of something that happened on Ellis Island three years ago. I could not reveal it at that time because it was a secret, as I learned from six official sources: the six people who told it to me. They feared it might have given aid and comfort to the enemy. I shall publish it some day in my collection of "Grim Fairy Tales", under the title: *THIS ABOVE ALL: DON'T LOSE YOUR PANTS.*

And here it is: There was an American-born Norwegian sailor who had spent years on Standard Oil tankers, and when Norway was invaded, he was allowed to serve on boats that ran the German blockade. When America went to war he continued in his dangerous work, and was in three shipwrecks. The last time he was rescued off the Atlantic Coast, and as the ship was burning, he jumped naked into the water. But, alas, he had all his documents in his pants, and now he could not prove that he was an American. So he was brought to Ellis Island where he enjoyed the company of the interned nazis, while waiting for confirmation of his identity from the town in Pennsylvania where he was born. The nazis at that time were quite sure that victory was theirs, and their behaviour was not easy to bear for a man like our pantless sailor. They kept teasing him about his misfortune, telling him that America would gladly take his life but not his word, and other pleasant things like that. Weeks, months went by, and no papers were found. His parents had both died and been forgotten; there were no records of his birth; the only existing documents were the vague recollections that a few townspeople had of him. Meanwhile he longed to go back and serve, and spent his days sitting on the edge of his bed, swinging his feet as sailors do, and looking gloomily at the floor. Until, one nice morning, the documents *were* found. And how were they found? They had been there for weeks on someone's desk, and were quickly discovered when the need for a new document arose (paper alone awakens paper): namely, a certificate stating his body had been found hanging from a rope in the toilet.

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EXPERIENCE teaches that calling your own brother a sonofabitch is the best way to hit yourself. "Boomerang" they call this sort of thing. My knowledge of economics is not too great, but it would seem to me that we have here a fine example of the law of diminishing returns. Experience also teaches that when you throw a big stone at something right above your head, if you are lucky to feel anything afterwards, you feel "hurt." Now, Justice Jackson seems to ignore this law. In the trials at Nuernberg he thundered so much against admirals and generals for being what they are, that is: admirals and generals, that the admirals and generals in Washington felt the stone land on their heads and asked: What the hell is this fellow Jackson asking for: a Better World? (To be exact, they spoke of "proper resentment" against his "attempt to establish . . . a principle of international law under which professional soldiers, sailors and airmen shall be convicted as criminals on the mere ground of membership in high commands or general staffs." But it is easy to recognize under this the features of a Better World, because war would be outlawed and professional soldiers would know better than to climb to high ranks; in fact, they would stay out of the army altogether. Sounds like a dream.)

Jackson tried to get out of this mess by saying that he was ". . . not prosecuting these militarists for serving their country but for mastering it and driving it to war; not for fighting a war but for promoting one." But what worries me is that he is implicitly accusing them of usurping some of Hitler's authority, who alone had a right to master their country. In fact, American diplomats were accredited to him as the head of the German Nation. (Let's hope the former German Military Attache' in Washington will not be found to have overstepped while he was here, or else . . .) The only defense Jackson leaves to those militarists now is to prove that they did not plan anything on their own: they simply obeyed Hitler, and of course fought their war for which they are forgiven beforehand, because that's a job or a "duty" (and also because, mind it, there we run into a dangerous principle of international law outlawing war. Stop at the crossing, for god's sake.) From which logically follows that this is a trial in defense of Hitler. If they obeyed him, they served their fatherland and must be acquitted; but if they went beyond their field of competence, their "Zustaendigkeitsgebiet", then they are guilty of treason to him (certainly not to the U. S. or Great Britain or Russia, pure and angelic as they all may be), and must be punished.

Jackson, Jackson, when will you learn that Justice is NOT for all, as long as Justice has a passport like you and I? Why did you have to put yourself into this mess? A War Criminal Trial is the most delicate surgical operation. First you have to carve out your War Criminals from their environment of Peace Criminals; then you have to deny them the right to call their Molotoffs, Hendersons, Vansittarts, Montague Normans, Halifaxes and Hulls to the witness stand. (Remember the trial of Laval; that undying monument to French Justice?) And even after you have abolished the year 1939 from the calendar, and silenced everybody and everything, you must still go easy with words. Big, indiscriminate, universal ideals, perennial honesty, interplanetary decency, better worlds and all that stuff are good to send soldiers to death, and that was done successfully from 1941 to 1945, but this, by God, is not a battle: this is a serious thing; this is a SHOW, with journalists and everything.

Of course, a lawyer is likely to be carried away by the beauty of words, and from the high bench of a judge one can make such beautiful, beautiful speeches. I understand that some of those speeches are so inspiring that they will reprint them in pamphlet form on hard paper to be used by the Polish jews as passports. This, I am also told by my informants, was Bevin's idea. He refers to it as "cultural propaganda for the rehabilitation of the victims of nazi persecution." Some of those victims in fact have lost all their hopes and even their ability to smile. And smiling, especially socialist smiling, is so important. It is, one may well say, essential to the rebirth of the world. Look at Attlee when he smiles. Isn't he just enchanting?

AND now, a note of criticism on the behaviour of the jews themselves. (Sorry, but I have to be impartial.) It seems that in certain concentration camps in Germany, the jews have shown little spirit of co-operation in keeping the place clean. For example, it seems that there were excrements everywhere, and no real cheerful, democratic teamwork. Yes. Sad, but true. Now, jews, my dear little jews, don't do that, *please*. Your lot as displaced persons is a hard one, we all realize that; but then look at Jackson, look at Attlee or Truman, or Stalin himself: aren't they ALL displaced persons, just like you are, if not more so? Don't you just FEEL when you hear them talk that they belong somewhere else; some of them very, very far away; others you wouldn't even *know* where? We are all in the same boat; we all have a tough time, especially people like ourselves, with a conscience and a heart; and we all do our part, however small; we do it and we force ourselves to smile, or we would not find the MATERIAL strength to GO ON. So now listen to me: you want to keep your little concentration camp clean, don't you? We, in America, keep our sidewalk clean, and our big, clumsy but democratic garbage trucks carry the legend: THE LAW: CLEAN YOUR SIDEWALK, CURB YOUR DOG. There is so much wisdom in these simple words. Try to repeat them to yourselves whenever you feel you can't carry on, and I tell you, something will happen to you; you will thank me. And remember especially to curb your dog; the barking dog of human pride and impatience.

Don't split the Allies. Think of God. And also of the good things that await you in Palestine, in Egypt, in Tunisia. The British are now busy making room for you there. They WANT you; don't you listen to all this nazi propaganda against them. They are just a little slow (you know how the British are at times, a little . . . shall we say stupid? Yes; we may say it, for they don't mind). They are preparing the place for your arrival. They are setting the flowers that will cover you someday, making the beds in the hospitals, and also . . . (this is still a secret) . . . also preparing some nice shows that will amuse your children. But remember: if you don't keep your concentration camps spick and span, NO PALESTINE FOR YOU. After all, a good thing must be deserved, must it not? Think only for a moment of how many lives it cost the Allies to free you; think of the countless boys who gladly sacrificed, that you may again enjoy freedom. Can you still grumble after such thoughts? This is very stupid. It will get Sol Bloom worried in Washington, and also, well . . . ,strain the patience of those who are trying hard to be friendly and helpful to you.

PEOPLE don't travel; passports do. (Aren't we lucky that passports are STILL made of paper. Imagine what it will be like when they will invent the atomic passport-bearer). That's why it's grammatically wrong to say that someone travels on a certain passport. Some say: "my passport", with an air of superiority, simply because their name is mentioned on it. Fools. For a human being

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such as you or I, a name and a family name, with or without middle name, may well suffice; but not for such a noble thing as a passport. Our name on it is like the number on our houses; it's the name of a file and is followed by a long number; then come other indications: letters, more numbers, more letters, etc. So don't you ever commit the mistake of thinking that your name stands for human being. Human beings are never mentioned, not even on birth certificates; in fact, they ceased to exist long time ago. There is no law, no regulation, no directive that tells a consul that such an animal species exists, and if he invented it on his own authority, alleging that he *saw* one himself with his own eyes, he would not only lose his job, but be court-martialled. Imagine—to be court-martialled for inventing man. You don't believe it? Go, go to any american, british, russian, french or any, any other consul on earth and say: "The murderers are after me. I want to pass this cow-fence because I am a human being." They will laugh in your face as if you had claimed to be God Almighty. No one ever laughed more heartily in the face of Christ when he claimed to be what he claimed to be. And that was so long ago, and they are still ashamed of that mistake . . . the consuls too. They say: don't bother me. I told you that you don't exist. And besides, it is late, I must go to church.

NICCOLO TUCCI

P. J. Proudhon
an Uncomfortable Thinker

SAID Fouché: "Give me a scrap of paper with a man's signature, and I will have him executed". This may be a basic principle of State Police procedure, but in intellectual affairs it is simply no good.

By quotations carefully extracted from their context, Mr. Schapiro * attempts to prove that Proudhon was :1) "a harbinger of Fascist ideas . . . (who) sounded the Fascist note of a revolutionary repudiation of democracy and socialism . . . the intellectual spokesman of the French middle-class"; 2) a supporter of dictatorship in general, and of Louis Napoleon in particular; 3) an antisemite; 4) an enemy of the American Negroes; 5) an advocate of war; 6) an enemy of the Common Man; 7) an antifeminist.

The first charge is proved by Mr. Schapiro in the following way: Proudhon was a petty-bourgeois and a harbinger of Fascism because he did not believe in the Marxist notion of "class struggle", or in that of a violent revolution crowned by the victory of the proletariat, while he saw that in modern times a violent revolution could only mean dictatorship and the triumph of some kind of middle class. But Marx and the socialists, adds Mr. Schapiro, were wrong anyway, insofar as they did not fully understand the nature and the historical role of the middle class, while Proudhon's "inharmonious" insights have been borne out by contemporary events.

From all this, one thing is strikingly evident, namely that while Mr. Schapiro does not himself believe in the validity of Marxist notions, he uses them to define Proudhon and to show that he was, if not so wrong after all, then bad. This gives his argument a peculiar twist. Because from a marxist point of view it may be correct to say that Proudhon was a petty bourgeois, a traitor and a Fascist, since he did not believe in class warfare, in the dictatorship of the proletariat, and such things. But if one thinks that marxist notions are wrong anyway (and on such a fundamental point as the historical role of the various classes), then we are entitled to ask that he judge Proudhon on some other clearly defined grounds, and on the basis of what Proudhon actually meant.

It is my contention that Proudhon's arguments (bad or good, that's another story) are stated with perfect clarity in his work for anybody who is willing to make the necessary effort to understand them. If I had to restate them in a few words, I would say that Proudhon's fundamental concern was to discover in the actual workings of human society a truth that would not be a "class" truth, so that the triumph of social justice would be a triumph of Reason, not of violence, a creation of society itself, not in any way an imposition from above, whatever name the "above" might have—God, State coercion or Class Dictatorship. This truth he called Justice, and he meant both the "idea" and the concrete reality of Justice present, in a positive or in a negative way, in every social situation. This idea inspires his whole work, and Proudhon gave it an unsystematic but very impressive treatment in the two thousand pages of *De la Justice dans la Révolution et dans l'Eglise*. These two thousand pages are completely neglected by Mr. Schapiro, who on the other hand makes an abundant use of excerpts from Proudhon's correspondence treating them as if they were meant to be theoretical formulas, and not personal opinions personally and privately expressed.

From Mr. Schapiro's essay, furthermore, one would learn that Proudhon was an anarchist, but nothing at all about the substance and essential meaning of Proudhon's relentless fight against what he called *le principe gouvernemental*. It becomes then far too easy for Mr. Schapiro to hang Proudhon in effigy for being a supporter of dictatorship on the basis of his attitude toward Louis Napoleon. That such an accusation could be uttered at all is so preposterous that it would be unbelievable if we did not have so many examples today of how completely intellectual prejudice (and the obdurate will to talk formulas instead of sense) can twist the judgment of respectable people.

To understand Proudhon's attitude toward Louis Napoleon nothing is needed but to read what he wrote on the subject keeping in mind what really happened in that tragic year, 1848. There was, among other things, the rage, the despair, the utter contempt for socialist and democratic politicians, in a man who, as early as 1840, had seen defeat, dictatorship, and also war, coming *because* of the immense stupidity of demagogues who (drunk with visions of 1793 and barricades) were ready to send the workers to be slaughtered for the sake of empty phrases and petty ministerial changes. Which was what they did in June, 1848.

Not to speak of the fact that the famous pamphlet *La Révolution démontrée par le Coup d'Etat* was so much of a bonapartist pamphlet that its author was forbidden to publish anything on political matters after that; and not to mention the other well-known fact that Proudhon was in jail for three years and in exile for seven years because of his strenuous fight against bonapartism, I would maintain that his attitude toward Louis Napoleon was fundamentally clear, and also intelligent and very honest. He saw with perfect lucidity (as Mr. Schapiro himself grants) that the combination of a government machine of which only the authoritarians understood the nature, and of a mass of people left in a state of chaotic disillusionment and bewilderment, would unavoidably spell dictatorship, Empire,

* J. Salwyn Schapiro—*P. J. Proudhon, Harbinger of Fascism* (The American Historical Review, July 1945).

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and eventually war. For Proudhon, it was by no means a question of middle class against proletariat. In fact, he stressed over and over again how the inertia (or "passive support") of the disgusted workers had been an essential factor in the success of the Coup d'Etat, while the "liberal" middle class disliked intensely the idea of losing the political franchises which they themselves, through the hands of their sons and husbands and fathers, had helped to destroy in the persons of the Parisian workers. Moreover, what Proudhon meant when he said that Louis Napoleon could be "the Revolution or nothing" was not to express faith in a man whom he had opposed with all his strength and for whom he had no respect whatsoever, but rather to proclaim his conviction that, Napoleon or no Napoleon, the Revolution could not be stopped, and that the ridiculous Cesar had no choice but to go willingly in its direction or to be dragged along by historical necessity.

With the best men of his time, Proudhon saw (with wide open eyes, and without any sentimentality or illusion about the actual vicissitudes of history) the immense social upheaval of modern times in the form of "irresistible progress". That upheaval was to him such a fundamental and evident fact, and it coincided to such a point with the necessity of Truth itself, that it would have been grotesque for him to think that a Monsieur Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte could be anything but its tool. Political fury, intellectual boldness, and his love for grandiose visions, often led Proudhon to make statements that might sound queer, or even absurd. But after all, if Proudhon is known for something, it is for his unbounded hate for any form of coercion. In order to admit that he meant to *support* the dictatorship of Louis Napoleon, one would have to assume that he nourished some obscure personal ambition. At that very moment, anyone who has any familiarity with his life and works would hear the echo of the thundering words he once threw in the face of Monsieur Thiers, in Parliament: "Monsieur Thiers, I am ready to tell the whole story of my life here from this tribune. I challenge you to do the same".

So far, so good. Mr. Schapiro's attack on Proudhon appears to be the result of misunderstanding and lack of sympathy, rather than of deliberate hostility. But when he comes to Proudhon, the advocate of war, antisemite and anti-Negro, he is being inexcusably devious, and should know much better.

Proudhon's *La Guerre et la Paix* is a passionate effort to see clearly into "the mysterious bonds that unite might and right". In order to do that, the author starts out by taking for granted that war *is* in human nature, that in war humanity has really sought to appease, in an obscure and fearful way, the need for justice by which it is possessed. Everybody who has read the book knows that its first part takes the deliberate form of an apology for war. As a matter of fact, such an approach is typical of Proudhon, and constitutes one of the most original characteristics of his method, which is, in a sense, truly Socratic. But everybody who has read the book also knows that it ends with the demonstration that, while war can only be understood and justified as a violent search for justice in society, never can justice be achieved through war, but only through the establishment of real just relations between men and between nations, and that there can be neither justice nor peace except in a free federation of peoples.

Mr. Schapiro just ignores all that. And his attitude would not be correctly described if one did not stress that only a couple of pages before accusing Proudhon of being a warmonger he had accused him of being a traitor to the proletariat and an enemy of socialism because Proudhon did not believe in violent revolution. Evidently, Mr. Schapiro prefers to assume that Proudhon was a man without any intellectual or moral consistency to wondering a little about what he, Mr. Schapiro himself, is writing.

In the same book, speaking on the eve of the American Civil War, Proudhon states quite bluntly that this "war of liberation" will not liberate the Negroes, that they will, in the best hypothesis, pass from one kind of slavery into another, and that, all considered, it would be better for them to remain under their Southern masters and strive for their freedom through betterment and self-education than be liberated by the Northern *armies*. One is free to disagree completely with such an opinion. But, if one knows Proudhon at all, one will also know on what assumption the statement is uttered. The assumption is the basic one for Proudhon: that it is worse than meaningless to say or imply that man can be "liberated" by any machinery whatsoever, governmental or other. Man, according to him, can only be helped to liberate himself by his fellow men, in the course of common life and common effort. It may be that Proudhon on the American Civil War was guilty of hasty generalization (although I understand that there are a few people today who would be ready to grant that he was right). But Mr. Schapiro is, to my knowledge, the only person who has ever thought of accusing the great heir of the eighteenth century *philosophes* of being "anti-Negro".

As for anti-semitism, Mr. Schapiro's indictment of Proudhon's on this account is based on the fact that Proudhon uses several times the word "Jew" in connection with bankers, the Stock Exchange, financial capitalism, and institutions of a similar kind. Besides the fact that the connection was not, after all, altogether arbitrary and without foundation, one might as well label Voltaire as an antisemite because, since he disliked the Bible with some intensity, to him the word "Jew" was, to all practical purposes, synonomous with superstition.

On the other hand, there would be no point in denying that Proudhon was antifeminist. Alexander Herzen, who had an immense respect and love for Proudhon, was quite incensed by the narrowness of his views on the rights of women and on the family as an institution. Certainly, when he speaks of women and of family discipline under the father, Proudhon shows the worst side of his peasant nature. Not only that, but, by going back to the Roman notion of a family founded on an inflexible patriarchate, he also contradicts the very substance of his social philosophy which is from one end to the other a relentless attack against the philosophical and social foundations of Roman and Napoleonic law.

There is one point, however, on which I am ready to yield to Mr. Schapiro not only willingly, but also with great enthusiasm. This is when Mr. Schapiro says that Proudhon was "an enemy of the Common Man". Yes, thank God, he was. Proudhon hated the "common" man, he hated the "average" man, he hated the "class" man, he hated profoundly and mercilessly any kind of fiction by which straight, unalloyed, naked human reality could be hidden, distorted, warped—hence oppressed and suppressed. Moreover, Proudhon was not at all a lover of humanity. He was something better. He was a man himself, a thinking man and a free man.

On the whole, since Mr. Schapiro has chosen to depict Proudhon by way of arbitrary quotation, he might as well have accused him of being also:

(1) an enemy of free nations, because to him the Polish and Italian patriots were muddle-headed sentimentalists who assumed that freedom from foreign domination plus some form of constitutional government would automatically

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mean real freedom and the idyll of nationhoods, while he, Proudhon, thought that the arithmetical operation would rather be: nationalism plus a reinforced State equal despotism, war, and the disruption of any hope for European unity;

(2) a nationalist, because, on the strength of the aforesaid conviction, he vehemently criticized Napoleon III and his Italian "war of liberation" as being completely at loggerheads with the French "national interest" which it was supposed to further, since the French nation could not possibly have any interest in the formation of a new military State at its frontier;

(3) a supporter of "law and order", because he repeatedly maintained that "political Government" actually meant social anarchy, while free association and the "federal principle" were the only possible basis of real law and real order in society;

(4) a philistine, because he attacked some of the foremost writers and artists of his time, Victor Hugo, George Sand and Delacroix among others, as being "immoral and false";

(5) a futurist, because, writing on art, he not only upheld Courbet as a great painter but also attacked the "absolutistic cult of Form", predicted that "truthful artists will be persecuted as enemies of Form and of public morality", and outlined a notion of "critical idealism" in which truth about the human world and rejection of moral, social and artistic conventions were united in a way which is not far from the way of Tolstoi and of Van Gogh.

In fact, all this, together with Mr. Schapiro's attack, simply points out Proudhon's great originality as a thinker: his tenacious refusal to take things for granted; his eagerness to discover new aspects of reality as well as new ways of demonstrating the truth in which he believed; and, when arguing, his constant ability to argue his own case starting from the very grounds of his adversary—which is one of the aspects of his Socratism, and leads him to make statements that could easily be shown to come very near to certain fundamental notions of modern philosophy.

There is, however, a more general question involved in all this. It does not specifically concern either Mr. Schapiro or Proudhon, but rather the two entirely different types of attitudes represented by them. What is striking in Mr. Schapiro's case is that he is unable to give a satisfactory account of the type of complex approach represented by Proudhon. Why?

I think it is impossible to understand Mr. Schapiro's attitude if one does not assume that what he is actually asking for is a one-track, monolithic theory, a theory giving all the answers, complete with instructions how to prove it, and also to disprove it.

Such a theory would have to be built on a level of half-truths dogmatically asserted. Mr. Schapiro, one suspects, would have liked to be able to reduce Proudhon's ideas to a statement of the kind: "The world is bad because financial credit is not given freely. The free credit bank would make it good". He would then have had the choice of saying: "After all, it is not nonsensical, since free credit would certainly be a good thing"—or else (like Marx) of getting indignant and treating Proudhon as a nincompoop who wants to solve the social question with the one magic stroke of free credit. The important point, in both cases, would be that one would not have to deal with "contradictory" and "inharmonious" statements, but only with simple-mindedness.

Fortunately, Proudhon is far from being the kind of comfortable thinker Mr. Schapiro (and a few others) like to deal with. He is the kind of thinker who, because he believes in truth, feels free to challenge everything short of truth. For Proudhon practical solutions cannot be but partial, and the essence of the social problem is that it remains open. In fact, what one finds at the root of Proudhon's thought is the unshakeable conviction that human society constitutes an ever present and ever resurgent problem, which might or might not have a final solution, but in any case requires above everything else that it be kept open throughout the vicissitudes of history. This is, for Proudhon, the mission of the honest man and of the intellectual, and can only be fulfilled through intellectual freedom and actual common work.

*

Still, to defend Proudhon against a certain kind of misunderstanding seems superfluous. The mere fact that, after having been buried so long ago under the terrifying epitaph: "PETTY BOURGEOIS", he is still being called names seems a sufficient testimony to the vitality and truthfulness of what is left to us of Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, *homme du peuple.*

NICOLA CHIAROMONTE

politicking

Since I reported last month on the progress of our Packages-to-Europe project, the tempo of donations and offers to send packages has accelerated. The project has grown to such proportions, in fact, as to take up all of Nancy Macdonald's time, leaving Dorothy Brumm to cope with the business side of the magazine. Totals to date (Jan. 1) are:

587 people are sending packages or donating money.

344 European families are receiving regular packages.

725 packages have been sent—including such special items as insulin, oil colors for a painter, and a portable typewriter for a Spanish leftist leader (now being delivered by a merchant seaman).

$2,307.60 cash has been received. $391.50 has been pledged per month (and is being paid with remarkable regularity).

In contrast to the good response to the Food Package appeal is the very poor response to the letter we sent to subscribers in November asking for contributions to the Politics Building Fund. We asked for $5,000, hoped to get at least $2,000, and have actually received to date (with contributions no longer coming in in any volume) just $496, or less than a quarter of the cash donations alone for packages.

Apparently, our readers have for the most part chosen to contribute to the Package fund rather than to the magazine itself. With this decision, we naturally cannot quarrel. However, we do need money for the magazine, and we hope that more readers will feel able to make both causes their concern. Also that some of our newsstand readers will want to send contributions to the Building Fund.

In addition to the reasons listed in our November letter for wanting to raise $5,000 (i. e., to increase circulation from the present 5400 to 10,000; to add one paid worker to our present paid office staff of one; to raise author's fees from the present ½¢ a word to the still too-low level of 1¢ a word)—in addition to these, two new things have come up since then. Our printing costs have increased.

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And—more important—more good material is coming in than can be squeezed into 32 pages a month.

The space crisis, which is growing constantly more acute, means that topical material, which cannot wait, tends to crowd out longer-range stuff, which often gets held over for months. The new "Ancestors" series of reprints of forgotten political texts, for example, never seems to get into the magazine, for space reasons. To make space for the long articles in the "New Roads in Politics" series, much excellent material has had to be held up. Sixteen pages, at no increase in price, will be added to the February issue to solve the space problem at least temporarily—thereby adding to our deficit, incidentally.

However, judging from the rate at which manuscripts are coming in now, the space problem will become acute again. There are two ways it could be met. The preferable way would be to issue POLITICS every two weeks. Such an expansion, however, would mean double expenses all along the line—and triple expenses in salaries, since to the present two unpaid and one paid fulltime workers would have to be added two more paid workers. It would be rash to undertake a fortnightly POLITICS without at least $5,000 cash on hand. If any of our readers are in a position to provide some or all of this sum, we should be glad to hear from them.

The other way the problem could be met would be to increase the size of each monthly issue by eight pages. To meet this cost, it would be necessary to raise the price of the magazine to 35c a copy, and to $3.50 a year. This seems to me the only practical solution at present. I should like to hear what the readers think about it.

I think it accurate to say that, of the articles we have printed so far, three have been especially appreciated by our readers: Bruno Bettelheim's "Behavior in Extreme Situations", my own "The Responsibility of Peoples", and Simone Weil's "The Iliad, or the Poem of Force." The last, I think it also fair to say, has aroused the most interest. A great many people seem to share my own view that, in spite of the superficial remoteness of the theme, Simone Weil's article, besides being a profound interpretation of a great work of art, is also one of the most important political articles to appear in many years and relates directly to the present historical crisis we are living through.

Several inquiries have been made as to the source of the translations from *The Iliad* used in the article. Neither Mary McCarthy, the translator, nor I knew of an existing English translation which seemed to us to have the qualities of emotion and simplicity which Simone Weil's marvelous French translations had; all were to some degree rhetorical and "literary." Therefore, she translated all the passages from the French, after which I checked them against the original Greek text and, wherever her translation seemed to have strayed too far from the original, retranslated the passage myself direct from the Greek. This was done in slightly over half the instances.

Two recent articles from POLITICS have been quoted at length in *Time* magazine: my own piece on "The Bomb" and the Weil essay, which took up almost two full pages of direct quotations. It may or may not be significant that both stories appeared in the "Religion" department. Marxists will doubtless infer a growing religiosity in POLITICS. I would put it rather that, to this extent at least, the editors of *Time* may be considered Marxists: that articles dealing with questions of morality present themselves to their consciousness exclusively under the category of religion.

It took Ben Ray Redman almost a year to get "The Story of John Mann" in print. He began sending it to editors last spring, and getting it back regularly, acompanied by the most enthusiastic comments. Three commercial monthlies, one liberal monthly, and one literary quarterly turned it down. The editors, apparently, could not forget that there was—or had been recently—a war on.

The six Friday evening discussion meetings turned out rather well. Attendance was bigger than any of us had expected: rarely under 200 and once over 300. The discussions from the floor were always lively, sometimes passionate; there were almost always a half dozen hands in the air asking for the floor. The large attendance created the chief problem, for it is impossible to keep the line of discussion very clear in such a big group. The first meeting was particularly unprofitable, partly because of defects in my own paper (too many big issues raised without being defined clearly and in enough detail), partly because the group planning the series (which consisted of the six speakers), owing to inexperience, had thought it would be enough simply to let every one take the floor, without any guidance from the chairman. (Also I myself, as the speaker, should have intervened more in the discussion, instead of trying on the contrary to say as little as possible, from an over-mechanical idea of democracy.) The result was that the discussion, instead of sticking to the paper, became a battle of political stump-speeches between Trotskyists and Anarchists, producing more heat than light. Since most of us had heard all this before—and many times!—the results were rather barren. At the second meeting, however, with more guidance from the chair and with a few speeches from the floor by members of the planning group which developed certain disagreements with Louis Clair's ideas (rather than with Marx's or Kropotkin's), the discussion was on a higher and more fruitful level. And the later meetings, with both the audience and the speakers gaining more experience, were very much better in this respect. Also, as the meetings went on, more of what might be called the "amateur" element (I myself should prefer to call it the serious element) as against the veteran political orators, was stimulated to speak, so that the main purpose of the meetings—to give the readers of POLITICS a chance to discuss points with the writers—was accomplished fairly successfully.

These meetings thus raised the difficult questions of democracy, *i. e.*, the rights of the individual vs. the rights of the group. They led me to conclude that, just as a magazine, with limited space, cannot print everything offered but must select on the basis of relevance to what it (and its readers) is interested in; so in a discussion, with limited time, every one cannot be permitted to say anything, but some effort must be made to keep the speeches relevant to the points raised by the speaker. As the editor must constantly compromise and adjudicate between the rights of the author and the reader, so the chairman must moderate between the rights of the speaker and those of the audience. (It is, of course, much more difficult and embarrassing to "edit" a speaker, when he is there in person and on his feet in a large audience, than to edit or reject a manuscript, with both parties to the unpleasant transaction remaining in privacy.) Simply to let every one say what he has to say appears to be very democratic, but in a group of any size and heterogeneity, actually results in the undemocratic disregard of the interests of the rest of the audience, who came to hear a meaningful discussion. (Thus instances are known of trade union bureaucrats preventing effective exposure of their malpractices precisely by insisting on a completely free and "democratic" discussion in

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which every member can get the floor for anything he wants to say. The result is boredom, confusion and finally apathy on the part of the greater part of the audience—so that when the bureaucrat finally intervenes with some authoritarian proposal to end the discussion, he wins an easy victory.) The whole question of "democratic discussion" is more complex than I, at least, had thought before we began our meetings.

One impression I formed from the meetings is that the intellectual influence of Marxism, *qua* scientific socialism, is greater than one expected, especially among the readers of a magazine like POLITICS, which has been nibbling away at some of the taproots of Marxism, and is taking bigger bites all the time. The question of the Utopian as against the historical-materialist approach roused especially violent feelings, with the Anarchists almost the only defenders of the Utopian approach (and even they did not go so far as Chiaromonte). There would thus seem to be a basic difference of orientation developing between some of the most frequent contributors to POLITICS, including the editor, and at least its New York readership. Perhaps the series should have been called "Disagreements We Have in Common."

Plans are being made to put on a second series of meetings in March and April. Details will be announced in the next issue. Suggestions are invited as to speakers and topics.

D.M.

The Intelligence Office

Hanford—Fact vs. Fiction

Sir:

You, of course, remember the article on Hanford in the September POLITICS. I forwarded this to one of the men at Hanford, by no means a management man—one of the regular workers who had been living there for a long period—for comment. Enclosed is a copy of his comments.

HAMMOND, IND. DR. H.S.K.

I received the article on Hanford and I certainly agree with you, it's about the worst piece of red propaganda I have ever read. The whole article is a combination of untruths and otherwise distorted facts. To any person not connected with the project it would seem to be exactly what Vogel the author, has painted it, but to us who are after all a minority, it is more plain than ever that it is as you said, the worst kind of red sheet.

Some friends were in last night for cards and I read the complete article to them, then for an hour we discussed it, the consensus of opinion being . . . "still propaganda". You asked for my comments on it so if it don't become too boring I would enjoy giving the true facts.

To start with we must keep one thing in mind, speed on this job was important. It was a race with Germany as to who would complete the job first. Secrecy was and still is the most important part of our job. I will place brackets around Vogel's statements and an asterisk before my comments.

¶ 1. (The impression of Hanford is of an immense concentration camp surrounded by barbed wire fences") **Naturally, it was a crude but very effective way of keeping outsiders from getting information of any kind.

¶ 2. ("White Only" signs are everywhere. There are colored barracks, theatres, churches, athletic fields, dance halls, swimming pools, mess halls and trailer camps. They are not only separate but in most cases unequal") **It is true that they were separate, but Hanford was not built as a guinea pig to settle racial inequalities. It was much better to keep race friction at a minimum and production at a maximum. As to colored facilities, they were very good.

¶ 3. (Hanford's white workers are 100% organized. Joining the Union is part of the hiring process at DuPont.) * * Definitely false. Only craftsmen such as linemen, riggers, etc. were required to join and in most cases these men belonged to the union before coming to this job.

¶ 4. (The termination office is jammed every day in the week from dawn to dusk.) * * The labor turnover on this job was large, but this job was started after the labor market had been scraped bare by defense plants all over the country. The type of workers left were for the most part floaters who never stay in one place but a short time.

¶ 5. (DuPont has built a special town at Richland for executives and white collar workers.) * * Hanford was built as a temporary base of operations for construction. Richland is a permanent town and was built for permanent operation employees. I was out here for over two months before housing was available for my family and that was true in 95% of the operation men.

¶ 6. (None of Hanford's residents have anything to say about its administration. There is no Mayor, no council or elections. It is an efficient edition of the American "Company Town".) * * Very true, but this is a Military reservation owned by the Government. Mr. Vogel should be reminded that you will not find a Mayor, council or elections at Fort Benj. Harrison, Fort Lewis or any other Government reservation. Our administration is run by The United States Government and it can't be beat.

¶ 7. (Workers at Hanford are not especially patriotic. When management imagined that the workers might like to donate one day's pay to buy a B-29 for the AAF, few workers were willing to give. When collections were counted, it became necessary to compromise on a B-17 bomber and management had to meet a deficit of $100,000 after the collections were counted.) * * This one really burns me. In the first place management had nothing to do with it. The idea originated with one of the carpenters on the job. No mention was ever made of a B-29 and far from having a deficit the quota was over-subscribed as was every War Bond drive on this project.

¶ 8. (He concludes, "Hanford needs to be exposed as an example of the kind of regimented existence which is growing in America. That is why this report has been written.") * * It's too bad that "Red" Vogel was not regimented along with the rest of us on this job. It might have broadened his narrow mind.

Since I received this article, I talked to a friend of mine who spent six years on the construction work at Grand Coulee, which was done almost entirely by subcontractors. He tells me that, in comparison, the Hanford job was a Utopia and I agree with him. We had some inconveniences, but under the circumstances I think the workers, DuPont and the Govt. did a job they can always be proud of.

REPLY BY VIRGIL VOGEL:

1. *Hanford's barbed wire fences not only surrounded the place as a whole, but a separate fence walled in each block*

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of barracks, giving cause to suspect that they might have been intended for detention purposes in the event of "disturbances".

2. Is production speeded when time, labor, and money must be spent erecting duplicate facilities for the two races? How much is production aided when skilled Negro workers either were not hired, or were hired only for menial jobs? As for friction, there was none between the races in the one place where they mingled, Hanford's busses. There were no Jim-Crow sections on these busses. If the races could sit together amicably in busses, why not in movie theatres, churches, mess halls, etc.?

The separate facilities were NOT always equal, either. Whites had a specially built swimming pool. Negroes bathed in the unsafe Columbia river. The Negro trailer camp was the most distant from the center of Hanford. Negro toilets were too few and far between, to give only a few examples.

3. Most workers at Hanford, except for clerical, fire, and police employees, were skilled or semi-skilled, and belonged to about 15 different craft unions. I believe in unionism, but the role of unions in this instance seemed to be that of co-partnership with management.

4. It is true that many Hanford workers were "floaters", but this alone does not explain why so many people left jobs paying better wages than they had ever earned, and giving up the chance to collect free fare for 7 months service. Some causes of termination could not be helped, but others could, as stated in my article.

5. I definitely saw administration bulletins (not publicly posted) to the effect that the special housing facilities at Richland could be applied for by "administration and clerical employees". Does my critic know of any wage workers' families living anywhere other than the trailer camp?

6. True, one might not expect elections on the military reservation of Hanford any more than at Fort Lewis. But neither would one expect a private police force on a military reservation The fact is that Hanford's cops were not M.P.'s, but were DuPont cops, hired and paid by DuPont, and wearing a DuPont badge. A soldier at Hanford was an uncommon sight. There is one other difference between Hanford and a place like Ft. Lewis: Hanford's population of perhaps half a hundred thousand were civilian workers, not draftees; presumably they had certain rights which soldiers are, unfortunately, denied.

7. Yes, a carpenter did propose the donation for a bomber. As I stated, it had "the appearance of spontaneity from below." Management however propagated the campaign through the Sage "Sentinel," and had the foremen make the collections, a method which is known to some people as "pressure". If my critic was in Hanford during the summer of 1944, he may recall that after all the donations were in—in fact, after the bomber was bought—a certain entertainment was scheduled with proceeds going to "pay for the bomber". Apparently the workers did not kick in enough.

8. "It is too bad that 'Red' Vogel was not regimented along with the rest of us on this job. It might have broadened his narrow mind." Hanford's defender should have read Dwight Macdonald's footnote, which explained that I worked in Hanford. I am not a professional writer; I went there as a worker, not with the intention of writing a report. For two months I lived in the barracks, ate in the mess halls, where the pie was dusty on windy days, and worked nine hours a day.

As to the merits of the product turned out at Hanford, the nature of which I was not aware at the time, I share Macdonald's views. As to my being a "red", I most definitely am, in the sense my critic means—one who resists the injustices of our time.

Just Off the Press!

SHALL EUROPE STARVE?

by Dwight Macdonald

A 32-page pamphlet that exposes the facts about Europe's urgent need this winter and our own Government's callous indifference to the problem. A first edition of 10,000 has been printed. Bundle orders from individuals and organizations invited.

10c a copy; $1 for 20; $5 for 100

"Commendable . . . Imbecilic"

Sir:

Enclosed is $1 for which please send me 20 copies of the reprint of the article, "Starvation!"

You are to be highly commended for throwing the spotlight on these conditions. If only there was correct political analysis in your magazine instead of this imbecilic and confused ex-Marxist philosophical anarchistic rubbish by idiots like this *Goodman!*

My God! Don't you read this stuff before you print it? Or at least allow Marxist critics (Morrow, Farrell, Shachtman, etc.) space to answer.

CHICAGO, ILL. CONSTANT READER

—I read everything that goes into the magazine (and a lot that doesn't). I think Goodman's article is a serious and competent contribution, or else I should not have printed it. If Constant Reader or some other Defender of the Faith can demonstrate, by rational discourse, my error, I shall be glad to admit it. As for allowing space to Marxists to answer, they have always had it. They just don't speak up—on paper at least. The inadequacies of a Marxist position may have something to do with this paralysis.—D. M.

COMING NEXT MONTH:

Karl Jaspers: An Intellectual's Statement of Faith. (The full text of Dr. Jaspers' address last August at the partial reopening of the University of Heidelburg. This is the first important intellectual document to come out of postwar Germany.)

New Roads (3)

Nicola Chiaromonte: **On the Kind of Socialism Called "Scientific"**

Frank Fisher: **Can Socialism Be Humanized?**

Dwight Macdonald: **"The Root Is Man"**

Philip Spratt: **Marxism and Ethics**

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